Saturday Review

April 1, 1967 35¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

IS MAN CHANGING THE CLIMATE OF EARTH?

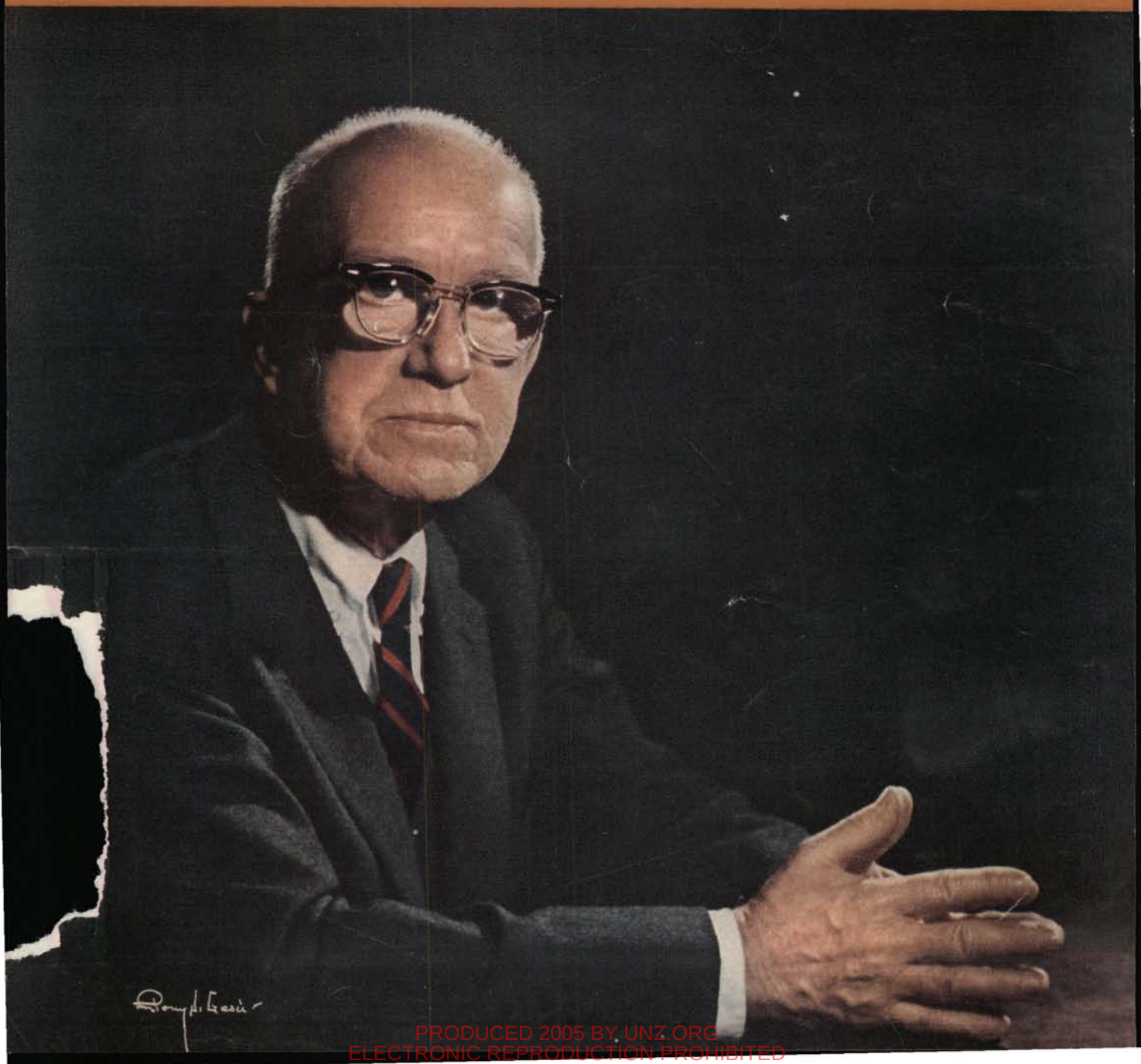
By Reid A. Bryson

•

FRED W. FRIENDLY'S "DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL," REVIEWED BY ROBERT J. LANDRY

•

Buckminster Fuller, Citizen of the Twenty-first Century (See page 14)



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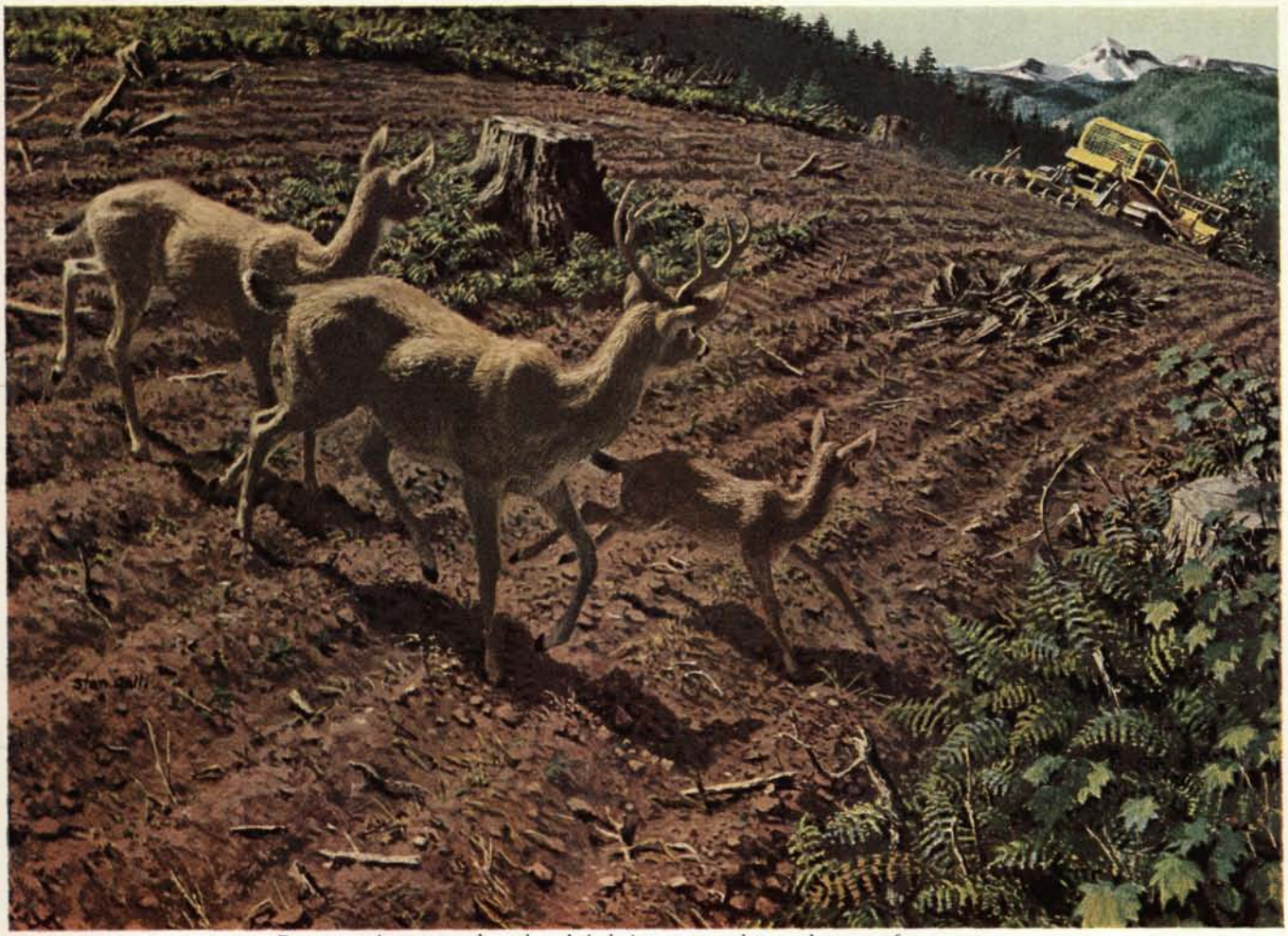

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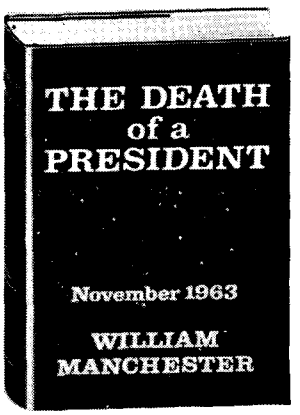

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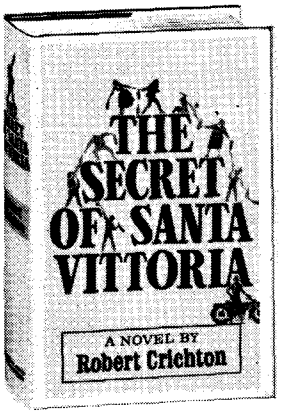

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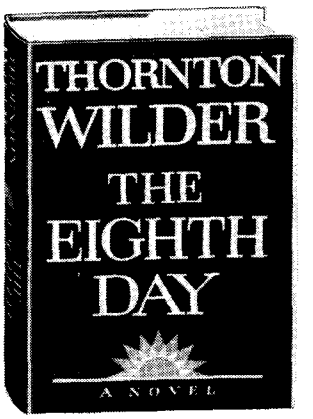

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Saturday Review

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April 1, 1967

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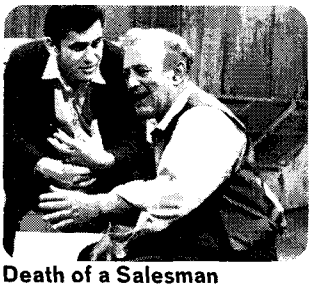
Theatre of the Deaf
NBC Experiment In Television: Nanette Fabray narrates scenes played by deaf actors. Sunday, April 2 (4-5 pm)

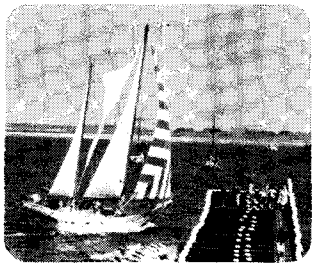


Death of a Salesman
Lee J. Cobb and Mildred Dunnock in the Arthur Miller drama. Sunday, April 2 (9-11 pm)

The National Science Test
Viewers will learn how scientific they are in relation to everyday experiences. Tuesday, April 4 (10-11 pm)

Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner, Howard Morris
The stars of "Your Show of Shows" reunited. Wednesday, April 5 (8:30- 9:30 pm)

A Time for Laughter: A Look at Negro Humor
ABC Stage 67: With Sidney Poitier, Harry Belafonte, Diahann Carroll, Dick Gregory, Godfrey Cambridge, others. Thursday, April 6 (10-11 pm)



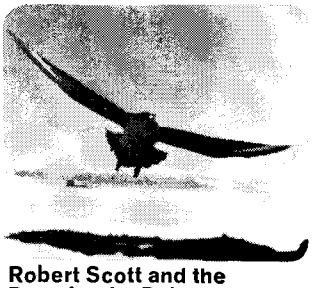
Yankee Sails Across Europe
National Geographic Society Special follows American ketch sailing around Europe. Saturday April 8 (8:30-9:30 pm)

Damn Yankees
Phil Silvers, Lee Remick, Jim Backus and Ray Middleton in the musical comedy. Saturday, April 8 (9-11 pm)

Hall of Kings
James Mason traces the 900-year-long history of Westminster Abbey. Sunday, April 9 (4-5 pm)

The Academy Awards
Bob Hope hosts the annual Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presentation. Monday, April 10 (10 pm to conclusion)

The Investigation
Peter Weiss's controversial drama about the guards at Auschwitz concentration camp. Friday, April 14 (9:30-11 pm) Repeated Sunday, April 16 (3:30-5 pm)



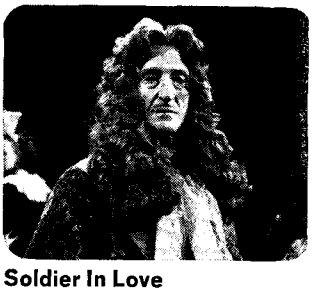
Robert Scott and the Race for the Pole
Saga of Western Man traces the explorer's trek. Monday, April 17 (8:30-9:30 pm)

The New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein
Three successful young alumni return. Wednesday, April 19 (7:30-8:30 pm)

El Prado: Masterpieces and Music
Bell Telephone Hour: Andres Segovia and other Spanish artists. Sunday, April 23 (6:30-7:30 pm)

Bogart
The life and legend of Humphrey Bogart. Sunday, April 23 (8-9 pm)

The Law and the Prophets
Project 20: Stories from the Old Testament told through religious art. Sunday, April 23 (10-11 pm)



Soldier In Love
Hallmark Hall of Fame: Jean Simmons, Claire Bloom, Basil Rathbone in drama about the Duke of Marlborough. Wednesday, April 26 (7:30-9pm)

Regularly Scheduled Programs *Monday through Friday:* **Captain Kangaroo / Today / Sunrise Semester** *Tuesdays:* **CBS News Hour** *Thursdays:* **ABC Stage 67** *Saturdays:* **Captain Kangaroo / Sunrise Semester / The Smithsonian**—*last broadcast April 8* **/ Animal Secrets**—*last broadcast April 8* **/ Wide World of Sports / Vietnam Weekly Review / CBS Golf Classic / ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam** *Sundays:* **Lamp Unto My Feet / Look Up and Live / Directions / Bullwinkle / Camera Three / Discovery / Face the Nation / Meet the Press / Frontiers of Faith / Issues and Answers / CBS Sports Spectacular / NBA Basketball**—*last broadcast April 23* **/ College Bowl / The Frank McGee Report / The 21st Century / Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.**

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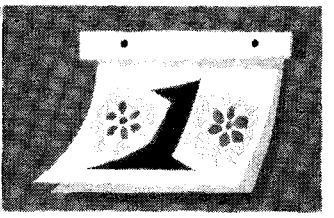
First of the Month



MARCH WAS THE MONTH of M's—of Malamud and *MacBird* and, briefly, James Meredith. But it was also the month of D's—of DeSalvo and de Gaulle and, lengthily, Senator Dodd.

Then, it was, too, the month of the death, in Phoenix, of Henry Luce. At his best he was the Emperor of Editors, a man who stormed the very citadel of the newspaper world as he found it—the green eyeshaded, elastic arm-banded world of the tough guys on the nation's city desks—and, with two new ideas, one for news magazines and the other for group journalism, not only brought class to the mass media but also gave a whole profession a college education. At his worst he was the Lord High Executioner of the Establishment, a man who worked both sides of his own street; who, behind the scenes in mysterious summit meetings made and broke Presidential candidates and national policies; and who, in front of the scenes, bit off not only the news but also history into highly prejudiced, bite-size versions of Groupthink.

• • •

Among the out-of-towners in town for the National Book Awards, the best equipped for getting *around* town was Cary Robertson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*: He brought his bicycle with him. And, at the first panel, entitled "The Responsibility of the Mass Media to the Literary Arts," it looked as if he would need it—especially when Bennett Cerf, moderator of the panel, proceeded to berate out-of-town newspapers for not giving books enough space. Promptly Herbert Kenny of the Boston *Globe*, a man who has been known to arrive at book gatherings riding on his son's Honda, got up and declared that the only trouble with the book pages, as far as he could see, is that the book publishers never read them. Then Ray Erwin of *Editor & Publisher* got up and said that of the 1,700 daily papers in the country, 1,500 do virtually nothing about books—but the ones that do were the 200 represented in the room. Whereupon William Nichols, chairman of the awards and publisher of *This Week*, rose to provide the clincher. "Bennett," he said, "you've put yourself in the position of the pastor who gave his congregation the devil for all the people out playing golf."

• • •

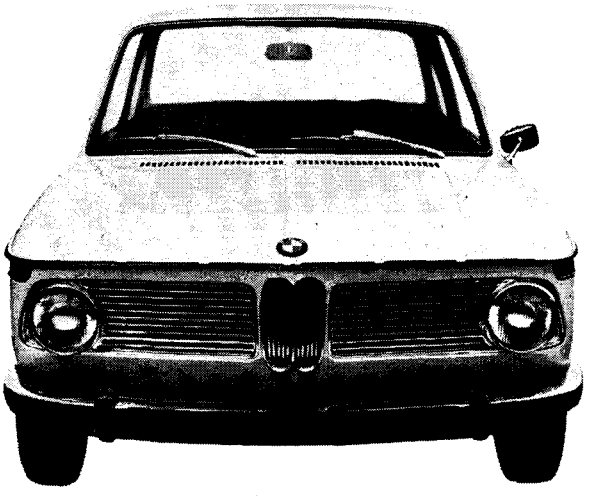
The next panel we attended was perhaps the most interesting one in the seventeen-year history of the Book Awards. Put on by the Authors Guild and entitled "The Invasion of Privacy," it got off to an interesting start when Irwin Karp, counsel for the Authors League, warned that whereas until recently the cases involving the right of privacy were more of a nuisance to publishers than a threat, in recent years the situation has changed sharply.

On the matter of a private person's having more right to privacy than does a public person, Ed Thompson of *Life* declared, "Up to now we've always gone on the happy theory that if we mention a private person in *Life*, that makes him a public figure." But now, he admitted, he isn't so sure. Murray Kempton said he was in favor of rules, not laws. "When I'm told about President Roosevelt's or Warren Harding's girl friend," he said, "I'm uneasy." On the other hand, Maurice Zolotow disagreed. "I *like* reading about Warren Harding's girl friend," he said. "It makes me feel close to him, and I've never felt close to him before."

Herb Mitgang declared consideration should be given to the *reader's* right to privacy. He mentioned that some forty books in this country have been subsidized by the USIA and that one publisher admitted that no less than fifteen of his books were written at the "suggestion" of the CIA. "I suggest," Mitgang said, "that what is needed is a Pure Prose & Book Act." Whereupon, recalling the previous panel, Robert Cromie thanked the audience "for not sniping at the moderator."

• • •

The walkouts at the Humphrey speech during the Book Awards were highly publicized. Later in the same week, however, at the party in photographer Richard Avedon's studio, there were no walkouts—because this was a party put on by the Committee of the Professions to End the War. Among those present we noted Leonard Bernstein, Godfrey Cambridge, Harold Rome, Tony Randall, Burton Lane, Albert Hackett, Norman Mailer, Frederic Morton, Robert Misch, ex-CIA girl Gloria Steinem, Dwight MacDonald, Jules Feiffer, Joseph Stein, and Sheldon Harnick. Among the entertainers, Alan



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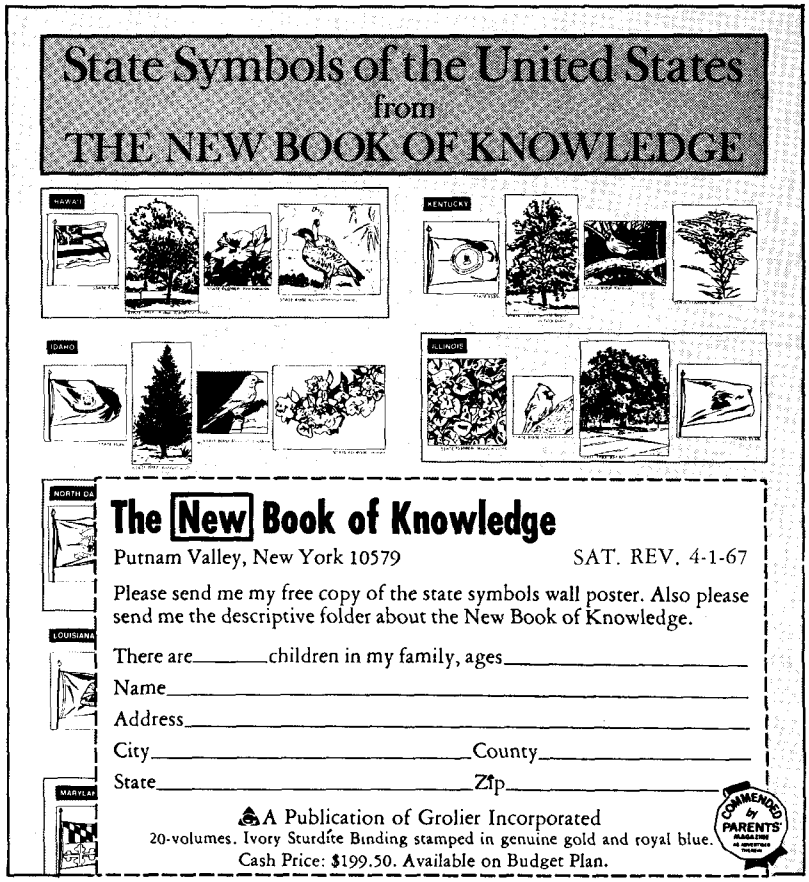

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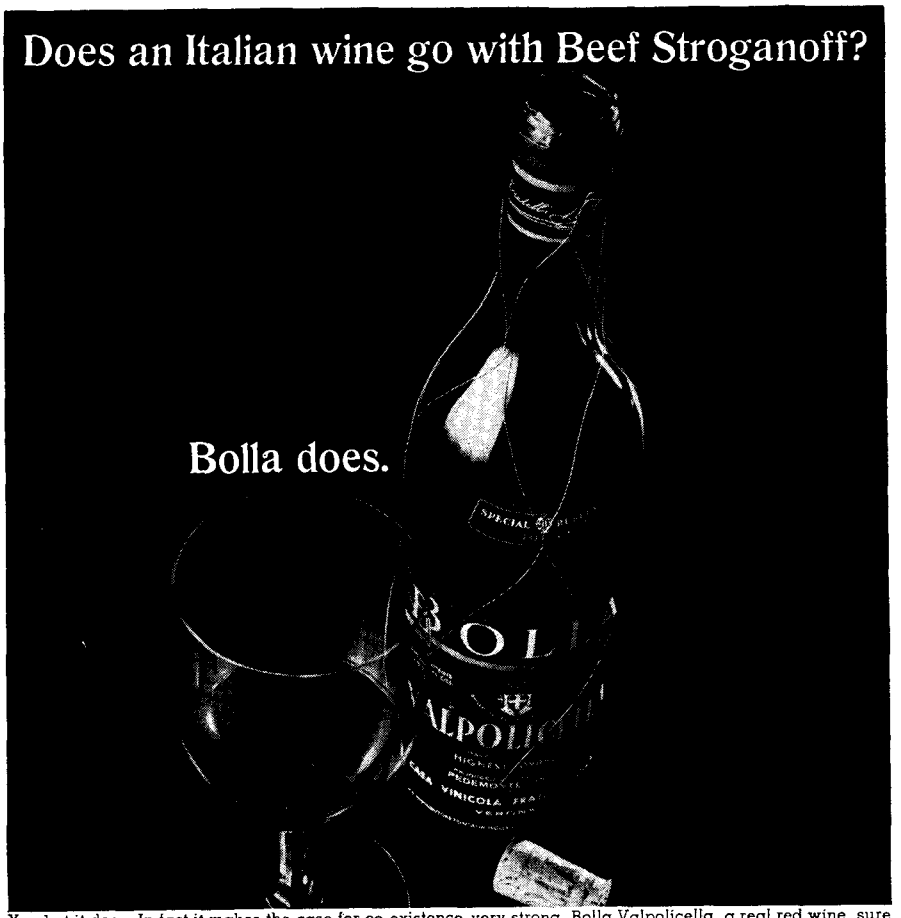

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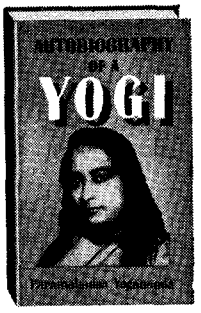

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SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP, *Publishers, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Alda scored with his imitation of "William F. Bunkley" ("Right you are—if you think you are"), and Tom Lehrer brought down the house with his inimitable lyrics, "So long, Mom . . . I'm off to drop the bomb . . .I'll look for you when the war is over . . . an hour and a half from now."

• • •

The most memorable event of the month was the dinner at the Waldorf, attended by more than 2,000 people, for the benefit of Brain-Injured Children—one which marked the return to America from England of the magnificent Patricia Neal. There was no "entertainment." First there were three short welcomes—from Arnold Weissberger, dinner chairman; from Rock Hudson, master of ceremonies; and from Mayor Lindsay. Then came a brief offstage soliloquy, delivered by child actor Michael Maidment, of a brain-injured child. Next came Pat's teacher, Valerie Eaton Griffith, direct from the English village of Great Missenden. "Our village," she said, "is not an important place on anybody's map, but we, like you, love Pat. We started with her on a voyage of rediscovery. Everything she had learned throughout her life was still there—it was still available — provided she could reach it."

Always, Miss Griffith told us, no matter how difficult it was, Pat kept her humor. " 'Who was Adam?' I asked her. 'He was a man,' she said, 'who had a tempting woman and an apple in his throat.' " Miss Griffith told us, too, of the odd things. "Pat would use the word *evil* so much," she said, "for things that weren't. She would use it wrongly, so we bore down heavily on that word—she promised never to use it."

When Miss Neal came to the stage, the ovation was long, steady, earnest, and unforgettable. "I thank you," she said, smiling. "I hope what happened to me never happens to any of you. It was evil."

Then she talked about her husband ("She'll live," he had been told, "but I'm not sure you'll thank us."); about her child Theo ("He has had eight operations, but he has so much hope."); about her surgeon ("I'm sure he thought I would conk out, but Tennessee hillbillies don't conk that easily, so I stayed alive."); about her learning ("It was just like school all over again only tougher—much, much tougher."); and, finally, about her village ("They came for free, for love, and I'll remember them till the day I die.").

The only thing missing was Pat's magnificent husband. But that was his doing. Roald Dahl wanted it that way. Patricia Neal—on her own again.

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

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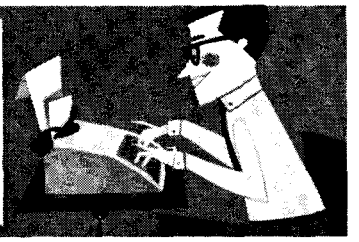
Top of My Head



A Case in Point

IT IS a little known fact that my knowledge of criminal law is vast. This is not surprising since I have admired and adored Perry Mason on TV for seven years. I have watched him win every case he took on. He even won during the summer replays.

I long ago decided that when my arm became too feeble to push a typewriter carriage across a sheet of paper, or when my finger became so arthritic that I began missing the backspace key, I would follow in the profession and in the image of tall, crafty, broad-shouldered Perry Mason. The image would perforce be slightly stooped at the shoulders. But nevertheless.

Begging his pardon, I admit there were evenings when I sat before the TV set that the going with Perry Mason became rather tedious. Especially during the "Where were you on the night of January 15?" type of questioning. It seemed so obvious to me that any criminal worth his rubber gloves would have been coached on a palliative answer to that one.

One night I became so impatient I wrote to Perry Mason, suggesting he rephrase the question to his advantage: "Where were you on the night of January 1?"

Then, by slow, easy stages, January 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, etc., so that by the time he got to the night in question the culprit would have worked himself into such a pitch of frenzy he would blurt out an incriminatory reply. P. S., I added, a tortuous refinement would be, after Perry Mason asked about January 14, he would skip to January 16.

Perry Mason did not deign to reply. But for seven years I continued to idolize him. Until one day across the TV screen there appeared the shining figure of F. Lee Bailey. F. Lee Bailey was not on a regular TV series. He was seen on the TV newscast. But his performance before courts of law was continuous as he won freedom on murder raps for Dr. Sam Sheppard in Ohio and Dr. Carl Coppolino in New Jersey.

Not a lawyer's lawyer perhaps, but obviously a doctor's lawyer, he immediately became, my hero. Gone forever was Perry Whats-his-name. (How quickly they forget!)

Both trials attracted front-page coverage and I read avidly every line of the Q-and-A testimony. My regard for F. Lee Bailey rose perceptibly, especially during the trial in New Jersey. This was a wild one—beyond anything I had ever dreamed of seeing on the Perry Whosis program. (What I actually dream of I will be happy to send on request—in a plain brown wrapper.)

Hypnotism became the No. 1 gimmick in New Jersey. F. Lee Bailey convinced the jury that Dr. Coppolino was an expert hypnotist who could have hypnotized a woman to stop smoking. To prove it he put several accredited hypnotists on the stand. And who is to say that during the trial these eminent practitioners did not hypnotize the jury? At any rate his client went free.

He did it singlehandedly, without Della Street. F. Lee Bailey made the trial a circus, without Barnum. The fees for the services of such a spellbinding barrister come high. So his clients took advantage of their newly won freedom and wrote books, the royalties from which would help pay the lawyer. Dr. Sheppard wrote a book titled *Endure and Conquer*, and Dr. Coppolino wrote *Get Slim and Stay Slim through Hypnosis*. While F. Lee Bailey got fat.

Unlike Perry Whoever, who freed a client and closed the case, F. Lee Bailey continues his story with a new murder charge against an old client. Dr. Coppolino goes on trial again, this time for the alleged murder of his wife. The scene, however, changes to a little sun-drenched town in Florida. It is doubtful this will get front-page coverage in Florida. The headlines there are reserved for telling the tourists that there are gales and snowstorms up North, to say nothing of landslides and earthquakes and Richard Nixon.

So don't phone me at 7 o'clock E.S.T. any evening when I shall be raptly watching the newscasts and F. Lee Bailey on the illuminated fruit-bowl holder. As on the Perry You-know-who show, there is no suspense. We know F. Lee Bailey will win. But the ploys and the consummate finesse of this legal eagle will hold our interest.

One thing dims the prospects of F. Lee Bailey's future career in law. He has just accepted an offer to play himself in a Hollywood movie. Next thing you know he'll be Governor of California.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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Spring to Action

The Nonbiography of a Nobody

There is one major compensation for being a minor literary figure,
Said Mr. Curmudgel, a minor literary figure.
Particularly, said Mr. Curmudgel,
A minor literary figure who
Has led a life bespectacled and unspectacular,
The kind of life, said Mr. Curmudgel,
The kind of life that Solomon Grundy lived,
Leaving behind no meat, just a white skeleton of dates.
Born, married, sickened, died and that's the lot.
There's little there for ghouls to feed on.
At least I know, said Mr. Curmudgel,
That when the reticent New Hampshire soil
Reluctant yields me one small oblong of nonbreathing space
There will be none to grind my bones to make their bread,
To speculate both on my sex and what strange uses
I may have made of it,
To snivel over my death wish drowned in alcohol or blood sports,
My secret gnawing envy of my peers,
To cram the public maw with spiteful hearsay
Authenticate only by vociferous claim to intimacy,
To friendship, good fellowship, and unique piquant revelations
Garnered over the rum pot.
Let me say once for all, said Mr. Curmudgel,
I was never a Golden Boy by self destroyed,
And the hairs on my chest at last count numbered three.
No spate of As I Knew Hims
Will lie like empty beer cans around my modest stone,
No carrion crows regurgitate juiceless shreds of me,
No middle-aged actors searching for the comeback trail
Clamor to cast their version of me on the screen.
Two inches or one in The Times and the printers are through with me, I'll rest in peace,
A Solomon Grundy of American letters.
Solomon Grundy, said Mr. Curmudgel thoughtfully,
Married on Wednesday, took sick on Thursday, died on Saturday.
By God, said Mr. Curmudgel,
Obviously an alcoholic with a death wish!
He slipped the cover from his dusty typewriter.

—OGDEN NASH.

Block That Thrip!

"ACT NOW, before it's too late! Dry rot is creeping into the spirea mulch at this very minute!"

Spring is here, and the Garden Expert columnist is at it again. His daily warnings of impending disaster in the garden put housewives in a frenzy. Men dread the arrival of the spring columns. A husband doesn't get nagged much during the gardenless winter season. Now and then he has to replace a lightbulb or a door the kids ripped off, but most of the time it has been peaceful around the house.

No more. "John, we've got to get out there in the garden. It's time to remove the dead rose leaves! Look, it says right here that the roots of the Japanese yew must be pruned back eight inches, before the insidious Nectria Canker a rives. Are you listening?"

With a weary sigh, the husband lool at the newspaper. There is the pictu of the smiling Garden Expert, who wi bug him until the first frost. Today column is about flies, mosquitoe roaches, ants, flying moths, gnats, wate bugs, silverfish, spiders, wasps, cent pedes, bedbugs, sawtooth beetles, flea crickets, aphids, caterpillars, thrips, lea hoppers, climbing cutworms, Japanes beetles, and sow bugs.

They're all on their way. Waking u hungry. "Before the first tender buds the Climbing Mrs. McGredy Rose ope the rapacious Climbing Mrs. McGred Mite is at work, sucking out the lif giving juices within the helpless stem warns the Garden Expert.

"Look for brown spots slightly smalle

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than the point of a pin, just after the early morning dew has evaporated. Spray with a 10 per cent solution of DDT, containing a mixture of 80 per cent DR4D, 30 per cent LSD, and a pinch of RD42DD3RRRR.

"Do not let children breathe the air for twenty-four hours."

During the course of the growing season, the Garden Expert recommends at least fifty different sprays, and suggests that these be kept handy but inaccessible in separate labeled spray guns. There is no such thing as an all-purpose spray. A powerful solution guaranteed to strangle a leaf-hopper on sight is welcomed by aphids, who breathe in the heady aroma, beat their chests, and return to the plant with renewed appetites.

The average homeowner has long made his peace with garden pests, figuring it will be a successful summer if the bugs get half. Husbands might get away with this philosophy if it weren't for the Garden Expert.

"Remove Stone Thrips from beneath the patio before they reach the larva stage!" Under constant pressure from his wife, a man soon finds himself outdoors with a crowbar.

The Garden Expert has an eye to the future. Last week, he was worrying about the seventeen-year locust, not due until 1970. "Now's the time to remove your lawn to a depth of four feet, and spread the entire area with quicklime to kill roots on which the seventeen-year locust will feed. Keep children away for the summer."

This is the time of year when the Garden Expert bites his nails over winter damage. He has this big thing about ice on branches. "Don't touch it!" he's been screaming all winter. Now that the ice has melted, it's time to bravely venture into the shrubbery and look for poor helpless sticks which have been snapped, crackled, and popped by the cruel winter. Look for those ugly wounds. Ugh. The Garden Expert can't bear the sight of sap.

A man feels pretty silly kneeling in front of his house, his wife watching and wringing her hands, while he wraps a little white bandage around a poor twiggie wiggie.

He knows from experience that the surgery is useless. Tomorrow, the Garden Expert will do a whole column on the gluttonous Broken Twig Thrip.

—Dereck Williamson.

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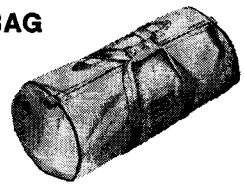

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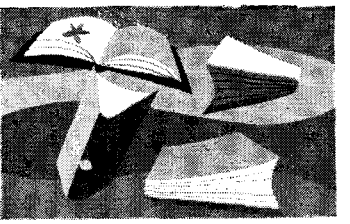
Trade Winds



Ever since writing it, I have regretted that brief paragraph [TRADE WINDS, March 18] suggesting that perhaps the only genuinely great book editors have been Covici, Goodman, Farrar, and Perkins. The four names were those most frequently mentioned by readers.

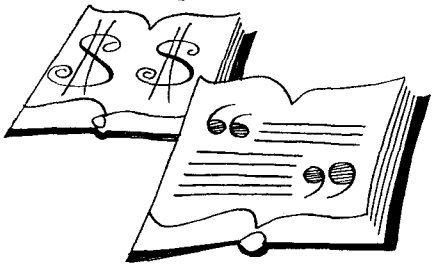
To begin with, how does one differentiate between a book editor and a book publisher? It seems to me that, in book publishing, the person with the publishing title is also in fact the editor. How could one contemplate an editorial Hall of Fame and omit Blanche and Alfred Knopf? All one has to do is glance through Clifton Fadiman's *Fifty Years*, "a retrospective collection" of novels, poetry, essays, etc., issued under the Borzoi colophon, and find as eminent a group of writers as ever was assembled by anybody. Isn't Cass Canfield editor as well as publisher? What about Bennett Cerf and Max Schuster? Could one pass up a Scribner and a Harcourt? In baseball it would be as zany to ignore a Babe Ruth and a Christy Mathewson.

In the current era it may be that cash is usurping literary perception in determining the degree of success attainable by a publisher. He who pays the highest price—submits the top bid—seems to acquire not the best books but the seemingly most commercially useful. In most instances they are never the same. For *Topaz*, as an example, Leon Uris was handed a fantastic sum, even before the book was written. Now, I hear, it goes begging. Everywhere there is a reluctance to put it in print. This may suggest that cash is beginning to run its course; that one of these days publishers will recognize that even a potential best seller can lead to bankruptcy. Half a million dollars guaranteed for a book based on a mere outline, even by a well-established writer, is a formidable chunk of money. Authors and their literary agents are now Big Business. Paperback rights are fetching wacky guarantees. I am not a whit against high pay for authors (good grief, haven't I been accused of starting the trend?), but there comes a point when greed takes the place of realism.

My, how times have changed! I can't help recalling the pathetic words of George Gissing, so long ago ("so long ago" means I don't know the date): "Innumerable are the men and women now writing for bread, who have not the least chance of finding in such work a permanent livelihood. They will hang on to the squalid profession, their earnings eked out by begging and borrowing, until it is too late for them to do anything else—and then? With a lifetime of dread experience behind me, I say that he who encourages any young man or woman to look for his living to 'literature,' commits no less than a crime. If my voice had any authority, I would cry this truth aloud wherever men could hear. Hateful as is the struggle for life in every form, this rough-and-tumble of the literary arena seems to me sordid and degrading beyond all others. Oh, your prices per thousand words. And oh, the black despair that awaits those downtrodden in the fray!"

My, how times have changed indeed.

A book before me right now is Eric P. Newman's *The Early Paper Money of America* (Whitman Publishing). Without doubt it represents as horrendous



an example of typography—practically impossible to read—as anybody has ever seen. It is too bad that what appears to be a valuable and indefatigable research effort should have been subjected to such poor treatment by the designer.

On the other hand, well designed—but more importantly, a book that represents both diligent research and fascinating and easily read text—is Paul F. Boller's *Quotemanship* (Southern Methodist University Press). In no sense is it the usual collection of quotations, or even a collection of quotations at all. Instead it demonstrates how quotations currently are misused, deliberately taken out of context (often by persons highly placed), juggled, contradicted, etc., and the price of $7.95 will provide maximum pleasure and reference value for almost anybody who reads or writes, but chiefly for anyone who does both.

Do take at least an hour at the Metropolitan Museum of Art to revel in the exhibition "Photography in the Fine Arts." (The show is on until June 11.) You will see 179 brilliant photographs, chosen by museum directors from more

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than a thousand pictures sent in by amateurs and professionals all over the world. I am not convinced Jane Carlyle was entirely right when she said, more than a century ago, "Blessed be the inventor of photography—I set him above even the inventor of chloroform," but apparently she knew that Daguerre had not created, like her contemporary Mary Shelley, a Frankenstein monster.

Still not available, but impatiently awaited: Walter Lord's *Incredible Victory,* the story of the Battle of Midway, to be issued by Harper & Row. From what I know about it, the new book should be as compelling as the author's *A Night to Remember.*

Not all information is in yet, but from many readers I learn that The Readers Club, whose parent company was the Limited Editions Club, existed for more

than two years. "Due to the paper shortage," says Lester Lewin, who was treasurer, "George Macy found it impossible to continue publication. The club was born just as we entered the war and thus had no priority for an allocation of paper."

A dozen former subscribers declare it was the best book club they ever joined and wish it could be revived.

Final word on my comments regarding Cardinal Spellman's views as expressed in Vietnam at Christmastime: The mail, all of it, has been negative, with no deviations. In sum, I am not merely a hawk but a fascist; clearly a professional Catholic; obviously a reactionary Jew; a nineteenth-century unconscionable expansionist; a Johnson Democrat; a Goldwater Republican; a fool; a disgrace to *SR.*

That's about it.

—Herbert R. Mayes.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1720)

Goodman Ace:
TOP OF MY HEAD
(*SR,* October 22, 1966)

I hope I don't get any more invitations to what are charitably called charity luncheons, which are diabolically designed by paid workers to aid Youth and other sicknesses of our society.

It's not that I am not a charitable man. It's the chicken à la king I resent.

SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

DISRAELI, Robert Blake. St. Martin's $12.50 (*SR,* March 4)—A magnificent biography portrays the life and style of an immensely ambitious youth who, though lacking in real political ideas, later became Queen Victoria's most colorful and powerful Prime Minister.

ROME ON THE EUPHRATES: THE STORY OF A FRONTIER, Freya Stark. Harcourt, Brace & World. $9.75 (*SR,* March 25)—Beginning with the decisive Battle of Magnesia in 189 B.C., which tumbled Alexander's world, this splendid survey follows the Romans through eight centuries of warfare in Asia.

BYZANTIUM: THE IMPERIAL CENTURIES A.D. 610-1071, Romilly Jenkins. Random House. $10 (*SR,* March 25)—Previous inaccuracies and prejudices about the dazzling "golden Empire" are amended in this scholarly study.

THE BREAKING WAVE: THE SECOND WORLD WAR IN THE SUMMER OF 1940, Telford Taylor. Simon & Schuster. $10 (*SR,* March 18)—Fortified by German documents, a gifted historian reasons why Hitler failed, after victory in the Battle of France, to fell Britain.

CHALLENGE OF THE CONGO, Kwame Nkrumah. International Publishers. $7.50 (*SR,* March 25)—A glass-house occupant throws stones at his opposition in a bullyragging but brilliant study of foreign pressures in Brazzaville since 1960.

THE ONE-EYED MAN IS KING, Ian Brook. Putnam. $5.95 (*SR,* March 25)—An excellent contrasting piece to the Nkrumah book, this account by a former British District Officer contends that independence can come to Africa only through the compassionate guidance of a colonial government.

LETTERS FROM AN ACTOR, William Redfield. Viking. $5.75 (*SR,* March 4)—In the spirited and witty chronicle of his experience with the Gielgud-Burton production of *Hamlet,* a seasoned performer comments on "the most elusive art of all."

IN THE RED: THE STRUGGLE FOR STERLING 1964-1966, Henry Brandon. Houghton Mifflin. $4 (*SR,* March 4)—Vividly reviews the economic issues, personalities, and foreign policy involved in Britain's recent efforts to shore up the pound.

THINK BACK ON US . . . A CONTEMPORARY CHRONICLE OF THE 1930's, Malcolm Cowley. Edited by Henry Dan Piper. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $10 (*SR,* March 11)—Ninety penetrating essays and reviews, written when the author was literary editor of the *New Republic,* provide an excellent sourcebook of readings on the intellectual and social climate of the Thirties.

FANSHEN: A DOCUMENTARY OF REVOLUTION IN A CHINESE VILLAGE, William Hinton. Monthly Review Press. $12.50 (*SR,* March 11)—An American observer reveals through the microcosm of Long Bow, an agrarian village, the agonizing reconstruction of rural China after the great Communist upheaval.

INSIDE SOUTH AMERICA, John Gunther. Harper & Row. $7.95 (*SR,* March 11)—The eighth "Inside" book presents a polychromatic view of a vast continent whose watchword is *advance.*

LATIN AMERICA: A CULTURAL HISTORY, Germán Arciniegas. Translated by Joan MacLean. Knopf. $10 (*SR,* March 11)—This authoritative survey shifts smoothly from political history to the architectural, educational, and literary components in the development of our neighbors to the south.

THE HEALERS, Anonymous, M.D. Putnam. $4.95 (*SR,* March 11)—A practicing physician vigorously deplores the greed and malpractice prevalent in present-day medicine.

AMERICA'S CONCENTRATION CAMPS, Allan R. Bosworth. Norton. $5.95 (*SR,* March 18)—During World War II, the author reminds us, the home of the brave was not the land of the free for Japanese-Americans, 110,000 of whom were interned in "relocation" camps.

KING COHN: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HARRY COHN, Bob Thomas. Putnam. $6.95 (*SR,* March 18)—In the day of the flickers Hollywood's late, unlovable head of Columbia Studios had the sinew to muscle to the top of the Fantasy Factory.

Fiction

MIRACLE OF THE ROSE, Jean Genet. Translated by Bernard Frechtman. Grove. $7.50 (*SR,* March 11)—In an autobiographical novel of great poetic beauty, Genet the self-anointed transforms the dark world of a "condemned" society into the left-handed path to the holy.

BABI YAR: A DOCUMENTARY NOVEL, Anatoly Kuznetsov. Translated by Jacob Guralsky. Dial. $5.95 (*SR,* March 11) — The harrowing evocation of the long-unwreathed massacre by the Nazis of 200,000 Ukrainians, many of them Jews, as witnessed by a twelve-year-old boy.

FATHERS, Herbert Gold. Random House. $5.95 (*SR,* March 25)—Self-sacrifice, hard work, and a rage for life characterized the immi-

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grant generation of the author's protagonist, who was bewildered by the strange American son that his labor had wrought.

THE SANDS OF VALOR, Geoffrey Wagner. Knopf. $6.95 (*SR,* March 25)—The nature and sources of courage are explored in an engrossing story of the tactics and terrors of tank warfare in the North African desert.

THE SOLDIER'S ART, Anthony Powell. Little, Brown. $4.95 (*SR,* March 18)—The eighth installment of the ambitious *Music of Time* series about English life since the Twenties finds Nicholas Jenkins, in his mid-thirties and still a second-lieutenant, in wartime England.

UNDER THE EYE OF THE STORM, John Hersey. Knopf. $4.95 (*SR,* March 18)—While a humanist clashes with a mechanist aboard ship, their vessel heads for a hurricane; a thought-provoking tale of four at sea.

MOVIES

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW (*SR,* March 18)—The Burton-Taylor-Zeffirelli production readily qualifies for the distinguished roster of filmed Shakespeare; a sumptuous visual feast, with superb performances by all.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING (*SR,* March 11)—David Swift's film adaptation retains all the sparkle and hard-hitting wit of the long-run Broadway show; Robert Morse, Rudy Vallee, and Michele Lee happily recreate their original roles.

PERSONA (*SR,* March 11)—The latest Ingmar Bergman offering explores, in true Bergmanian style, the gradual absorption of one identity by another. Moody, but the old master is back.

DUTCHMAN (*SR,* March 4)—The fury and harshness of the LeRoi Jones off-Broadway shocker about race relations has been kept intact through the sensitive direction of newcomer Anthony Harvey.

THEATER

THE HOMECOMING; THE WILD DUCK; YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN.

ART

MASTERS OF THE LOADED BRUSH—OIL SKETCHES FROM RUBENS TO TIEPOLO, at Knoedler and Company, New York, for the benefit of Columbia University. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century oil sketches, borrowed widely from Europe and America, give intimate views of such masters as Rubens, Canaletto, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Boucher, Fragonard, Tiepolo, Hogarth, etc. Opens April 6.

MASTERS OF ETRUSCAN ART, at Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Mass. The most important showing of Etruscan art from the seventh to the third centuries B.C. ever presented in the United States emphasizes the magnificent bronze sculpture of this civilization and also includes ivories, gold and silver pieces, vases, and weapons. Opens April 21.

LOUISE NEVELSON: RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION, at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. The first retrospective exhibition of this pioneer American environmental sculptor ranges from small pieces to 27-foot walls, some with more than 100 sections each. Tracing thirty-four years of work, the show demonstrates how personally the artist incorporates "found pieces" in her nostalgic constructions.

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That's liable to happen to you when you first use the RIVIERA in front of anyone. A wind-up shaver may **seem** a plaything. Or at best an emergency type of shaver (because it needs no cords or batteries). After all, how can a hand-cranked shaver rotate fast enough to do a clean and close job? And how many times do you have to wind the darn thing to finish one shave?

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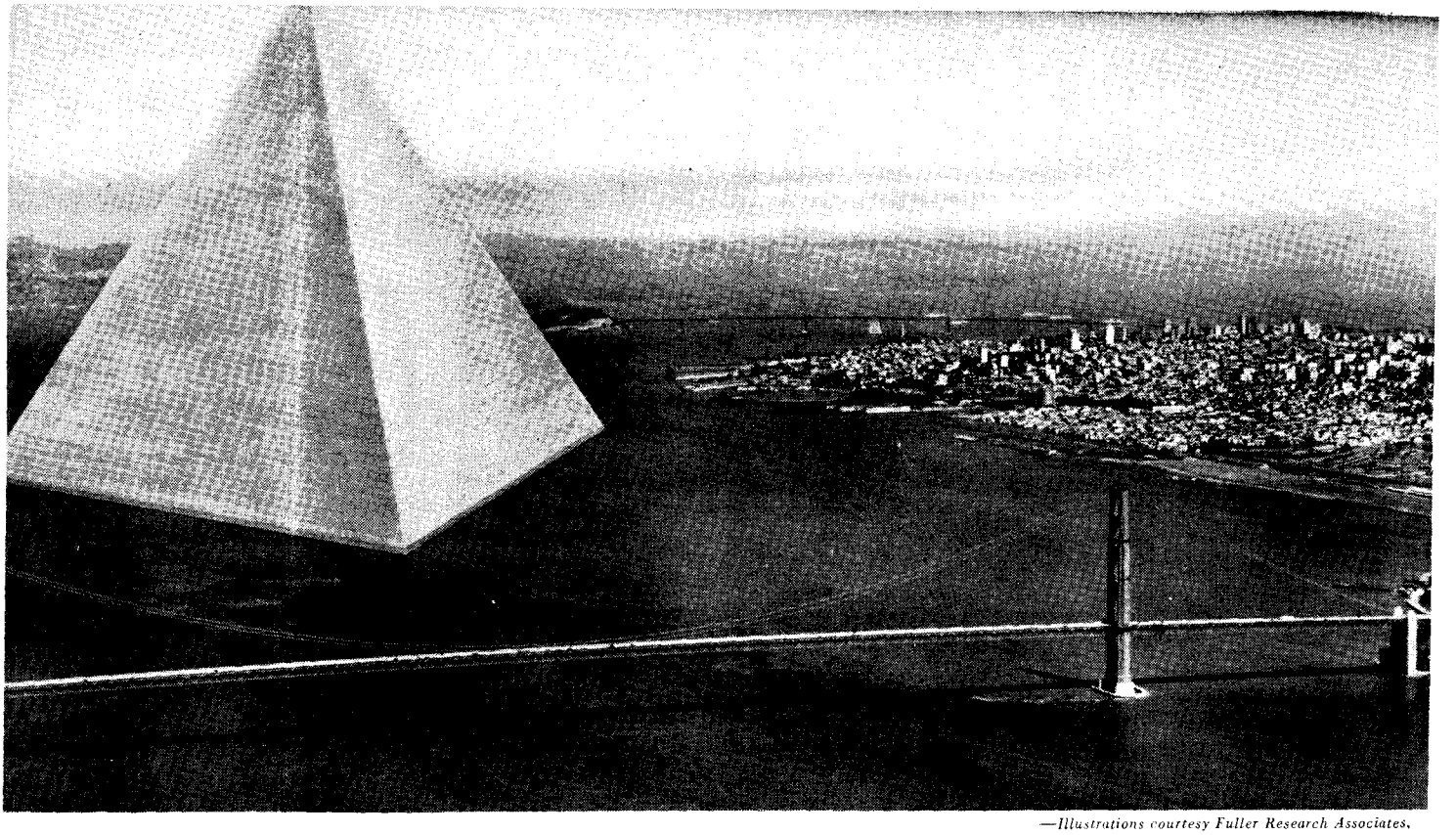

—*Illustrations courtesy Fuller Research Associates.*

Buckminster Fuller's design for a floating tetrahedronal city (shown superimposed on San Francisco Bay)—In sizes up to two-and-a-half miles high, it could make possible habitation of the earth's water surfaces (see description, page 16).

MAN WITH A CHRONOFILE

A citizen of the twenty-first century looks back the better to see ahead.

By BUCKMINSTER FULLER

R. Buckminster Fuller has led a consistently productive life but most of the recognition he has received has come only in the past five years. In that recent period, he calculates, he has been granted 45 per cent of his 145 patents in fifty-six countries; he has licensed the construction of 60 per cent of all the structures built under his patents; and five of his six books released by major publishers have been marketed.

Why has interest in Mr. Fuller and his ideas only recently reached a crescendo? One reason, he suggests whimsically, is that he was born cross-eyed—and that being born cross-eyed can be an advantage in the sense that the concomitant can be farsightedness. People who know him say that his most conspicuous trait long has been his depth vision—and, they are happy to report, as a mental habit it appears to be incurable.

I WAS BORN cross-eyed. Not until I was four years old was it discovered that this was caused by my being abnormally farsighted. My vision was thereafter fully corrected with lenses. Until four I could see only large patterns, houses, trees, outlines of people with blurred coloring. While I saw two dark areas on human faces, I did not see a human eye or a teardrop or a human hair until I was four. Despite my new ability to apprehend details, my childhood's spontaneous dependence only upon big pattern clues has persisted.

Most children like to collect things. At four I started to collect documents of my own development as correlated with world patterns of developing technology. Beginning in 1917, I determined to employ my already rich case history, as objectively as possible, in documenting the life of a suburban New Englander, born in the Gay Nineties (1895)—the year automobiles were introduced, the wireless telegraph and the automatic screw machine were invented and X-rays were discovered; having his boyhood in the Turn of the Century; and maturing during humanity's epochal graduation from the inert, materialistic nineteenth into the dynamic, abstract twentieth century. I named my documentation the Chronofile.

As the era of this case history loomed into greater perspective for me, as readable in the Chronofile, it became more accurately identifiable as that which, on the one hand, terminated Sir Isaac Newton's normally "at rest" world of myriadly and remotely isolated, hybrid cultures, to which change was anathema; and, on the other, opened Einstein's normally "dynamic," omni-integrating world culture to which change has come to seem evolutionarily inevitable. By 1917 I was convinced that, unannounced by any authority, a much greater environmental transformation was beginning to take place in our generation's unfolding experience than had occurred, for instance, between my father's, grandfather's, great-grandfather's, and great-great-grandfather's successive generations. Their writings contain glimpses of their lives in their successive undergraduate days in the classes of 1760, 1801, 1840, and 1883 at Harvard. They tell of day-long trips walking or driving from

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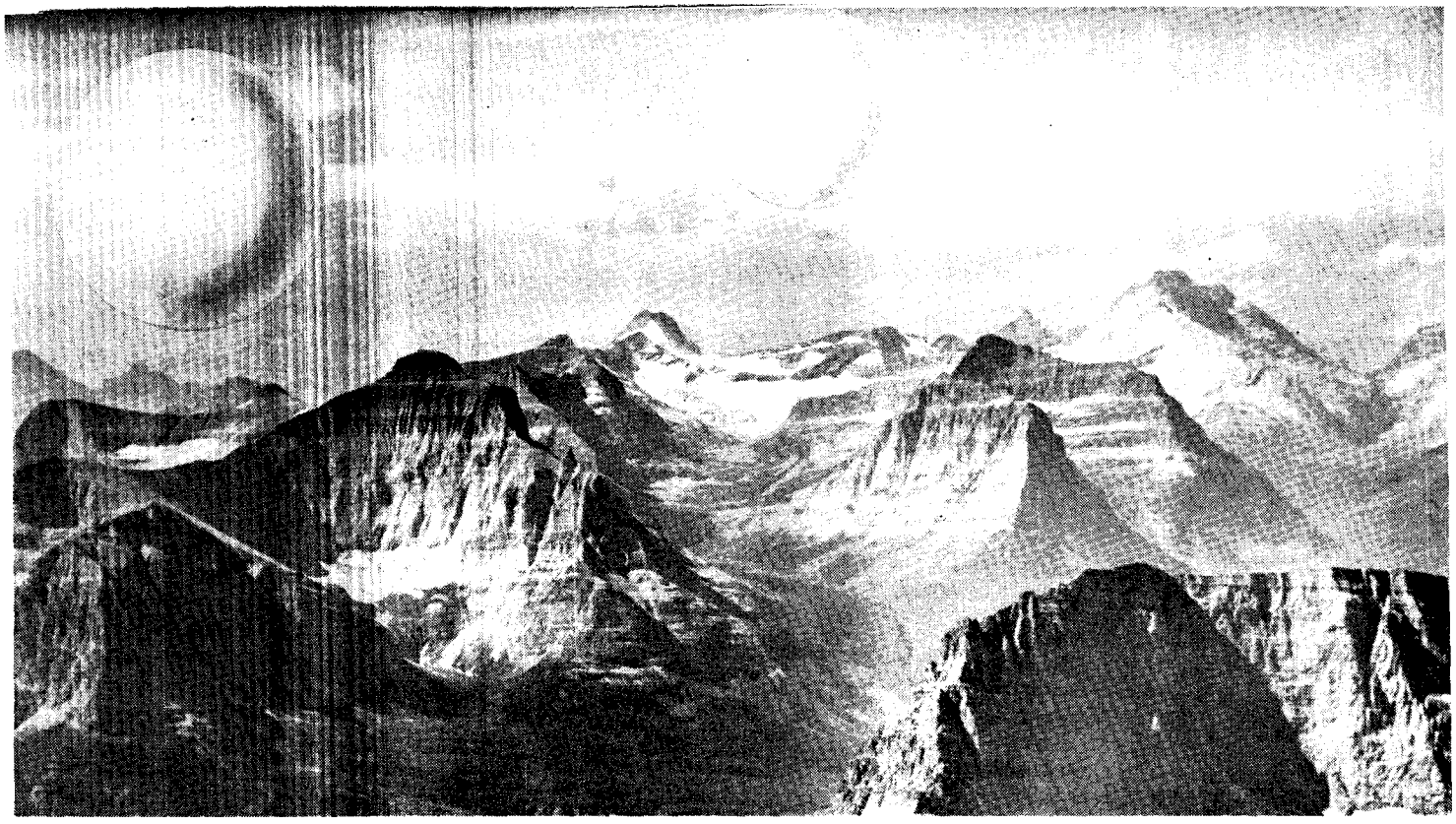

"Sky-floating geodesic spheres," which Buckminster Fuller predicts may become future dwelling places, along with floating tetrahedrons, submarine islands, and other new sites.

Cambridge to Boston via Watertown Bridge.

As in 1913, in Fair Harvard's "Age that is past/surrendered her o'er [once more]/to the age that" was "waiting before," I felt intuitively in our freshman year that the subway, which then opened to connect Cambridge and Boston by a seven-minute ride, was harbinger of an entirely new distance-time relationship of humanity and its transforming environment. It seemed to me that *the* science-quaking fact of our boyhood was that light has a speed. Though fantastically fast, its 700 million miles per hour is not as absolutely fast as Newton's "instant universe." Newton's foundation was experimentally unrealistic. Light was real—but 99 per cent of reality's electromagnetic spectrum was invisible. We could no longer pilot with our physical senses. We had henceforth to rely upon intellect and its power to invent and navigate with the instruments which could tune and scan the vast ranges of nonsensorially tunable reality. This called for intellectual confidence in the fundamental but nonobvious trends, and disregard for the only momentarily spectacular news.

AVERAGE life-span expectancy for our classmates born *circa* 1895, as then calculated by the life insurance actuaries, was forty-two years. During our lifetime, the average life expectancy in the United States has increased to seventy years. Up to the time we were born, the average total distance covered by a member of humanity in his all-time, average life span of twenty-seven years, was 30,000 miles. My total travel to date, by land, sea, and air, is a hundredfold that distance. It aggregates more than 3,000,000 miles and now, at seventy-two years, I find my work often taking me annually several times around the world with many lesser to-and-fro-ings. This is in no wise a unique record. It is average for ever increasing millions of humans who have responsibilities in the vast frontiers of technology, business, and statecraft of a swiftly emerging spherical world city. Today's air hostesses far outtravel me, and Gemini astronauts outdistanced my 3,000,000 miles in one week's orbiting. Quite clearly, a complete transformation of human ecology in universe is occurring. It is not surprising that man, burdened with obsolete "knowledge" – his spontaneous reflexing conditioned only by past experience, and as yet unable to realize himself as being already a world man—fails to comprehend and cope logically with the birth of Universe Man.

By 1927 I felt that three big questions were posed by what the Chronofile as then made visible by the foregoing type of information.

► First, what could society, backing up into its future, with eyes fixed only on the ever receding and less adequate securities of yesterday, do to make this evolutionary process a gratifying rather than a painful experience?

► Second, what could the average intelligent and healthy, moneyless individual best contribute, singlehandedly, toward bringing the earliest and happiest realization of advantage for society in general through taking and maintaining the comprehensive, anticipatory design-science initiative—in the face of the formidable axiomatic errors and inertias of academic authority as well as the formidable economic advantage of the massive corporations and their governments and mutually shortsighted foci of resource and capabilities exploitation?

► Third, assuming that by competently reforming only the environment instead of trying to reform man, a favorably designed environment can be realized which will both permit and induce man to accomplish the same logical degree of physical success in universe as is manifest, for instance, by the hydrogen atom, how then can the economic and technological capability of all humanity to enjoy freely all of its world be accomplished exclusively by design science, without any individual interfering with another and without any individual being advantaged at the expense of another, with a design that will also induce its spontaneous adoption by world industrialization's managers?

In 1917, in the U.S. Navy, as I studied these questions the Chronofile disclosed a technological-environment-regenerated *acceleration* of technical evolution. This concept of *accelerating acceleration*, which had been discovered by Galileo and was later identified with gravity by Newton, had not been con-

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ceived of as accelerating social evolution. During 1922-1927 the Chronofile also disclosed a trend of *comprehensive ephemeralization*—i.e., the doing of ever more with ever less, per given resource units of pounds, time, and energy. Ephemeralization was vastly augmenting the standards of living of ever increasing numbers, but only inadvertently, as fallout from the defense-subsidized preoccupation of science with a weaponry supporting industrialization.

Ephemeralization was also accelerated by ever increasing quantities of invisible energy events of universe, detoured by human intellect from their previously only cosmically flowing patterns to flow through engineered channels and impinge upon intellect-invented levers and thereby to vastly augment the work accomplishable by mankind's muscles in rearranging the energetic environment events to more effectively sustain the metabolic regeneration of human life.

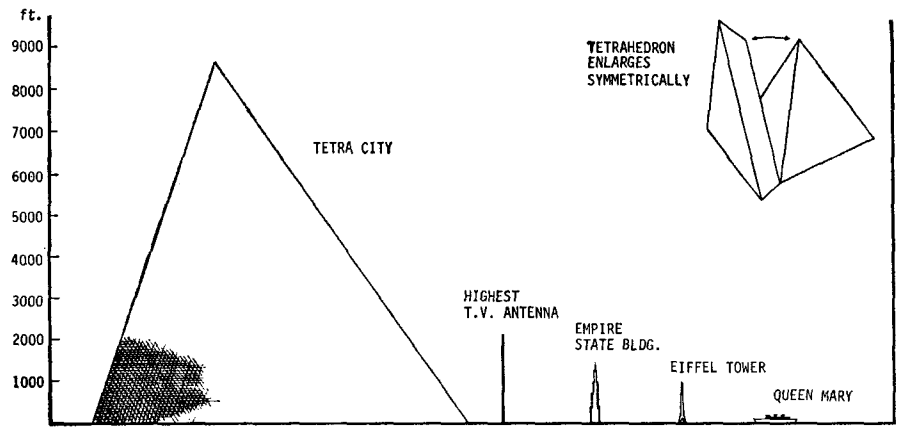
Ephemeralization, which constantly does more with visibly less—as does, for instance, the one-quarter-ton communications satellite outperform 150,000 tons of transoceanic cables – has not as yet been formally isolated, recognized, and discussed in print as such by any economists. Until economists recognize it, ephemeralization cannot be popularly comprehended and be adopted in public policy formulations.

However, as the years have gone by the combined effects of accelerating-acceleration and ephemeralization account primarily for the technical and economic augmentations which are now overwhelming man—trying to make him a success in universe despite his age-old Malthus-supported conviction that humanity, regardless of its composite significance and fate, is, with but a few exceptions, destined to demonstrate personal economic failure and premature death. Public policy the world around as yet assumes that Malthus was right—*ergo*, the vital necessity of Defense in view of the inexorability of the next Great War.

My Chronofile gradually disclosed the invalidity of that great superstition. It showed, for instance, that the metals in 80 per cent of all of yesterday's obsolete mechanics and structures, contrary to popular conception of their "exhaustion," have been recovered, refined as "pure metals," and put to work again. Eventually, 99 per cent of the all-time mined metals will be recovered and put into the recirculating-metals bloodstream of world industrialization as we go competently into the sea to recover all of yesterday's lost ships and cargoes—in particular, the war-sunken munitions vessels. But the rate of discovery of additional metal ores is slower than human population increase.

Throughout the twentieth century, therefore, the metals mined or unmined and materials in general have continually decreased in ratio to each individual. At this moment the cumulative total of metals—mined and refined by man throughout history—is wholly employed in machines or structures which, operating at full design-limit capacity, can successfully support only 44 per cent of living humanity. Therefore, no exclusively political act of any political system can make the world's resources take care of more than 44 per cent of humanity. But the over-all mechanical efficiency of the extant machinery and structures is only 4 per cent. An over-all efficiency of 20 per cent is engineeringly feasible at present. It could go to 80 per cent someday. A design-science revolution could solve the problem.

DESPITE the constant increase in human population and constant decrease of materials per person, between 1900 and 1965 the number of people attaining economic and physical success—by full participation in the highest standard of living progressively developed by world



Formula for a Floating City: To Buckminster Fuller's previous ingenious shelter concepts such as the Dymaxion House and the Geodesic Dome now must be added an even more ambitious design—a floating tetrahedronal city.

"We have learned that the most stable structure is the tetrahedron," he says. "Following this design-science clue, we find that a tetrahedronal city, to house a million people, is both economically and technologically feasible. Such a vertical tetrahedronal city can be constructed so that all of its 300,000 families have balconied 'outside' apartments. All of the organic operative machinery can be housed within the tetrahedron.

"Programed for 1,000,000 occupants, a tetrahedronal floating city would measure two miles long for each of its base edges. Such a city is so structurally efficient and therefore so relatively light that, together with its hollow box-sectioned reinforced concrete foundations, it can float. The city could be anchored in triangularly patterned canals or floated out into the ocean at any point and anchored. It would be earthquake-proof and, because the depth of the tetrahedron's foundation would be below the turbulence level of the seas, it would be a floating triangular atoll with a harbor that is always calm and protected. The cities will generate their own energy requirements using atomic reactors. The by-product of heat from these reactors will be used to desalinate water supplies."

Tetrahedrons are unique geometrically, he explains, in that they may be added to on every one of their four equilateral triangle faces and increased symmetrically in size by additions to any one of the faces. Thus the cities can begin with a program for a thousand occupants and grow to hold millions without changing their shape.

"Salvage of materials from obsolete buildings on the land can produce enough of these floating cities to have relays of them in various sizes around the oceans of the earth, at distances negotiable by relatively small boats such as those that operate between the Florida coast and the Bahamas. This will allow new habitation possibilities on that three-fourths of the earth's surface that is covered by water. It also will permit mid-ocean cargo transfer within the cities' calm harbors, extraordinarily increasing the efficiency of distribution of the world's raw and finished materials as well as aiding passenger traffic."

Is a tetrahedronal city, like many other Buckminster Fuller concepts, too advanced to win adherents in our time? The Japanese, he reports, already are interested in trying the concept, and a pilot-scale model may be built in Japan.

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industrialization—rose steadily from less than 1 per cent to 40 per cent of all living humanity. This is a personal standard of living and health superior to that ever enjoyed by a pre-twentieth-century monarch. The 40 per cent of humanity thus surprisingly grown successful, despite constantly diminishing material resources per capita, can be explained only by accelerating ephemeralization.

Paradoxically, the self-accelerating doing-more-with-less invention revolution has been generated thus far almost exclusively by the technology of the world's weaponry race, whose ultimate objective has always been to deliver the greatest blows the farthest, most accurately, and most swiftly with the least effort. Evolution seems intent upon making man a success despite his negative fixations. The doing-more-with-less economic success of 40 per cent of humanity, accomplished in only half a century, cannot be attributed to any political doctrine. Technology has flourished equally under exactly opposed ideologies.

Take away the energy distributing networks and the industrial machinery from America, Russia, and all the world's industrialized countries, and within six months more than two billion swiftly and painfully deteriorating people will starve to death. Take away all the world's politicians, all the ideologies and their professional protagonists from those same countries, and send them off on a rocket trip around the sun and leave all the countries their present energy networks, industrial machinery, routine production and distribution personnel, and no more humans will starve nor be afflicted in health than at present.

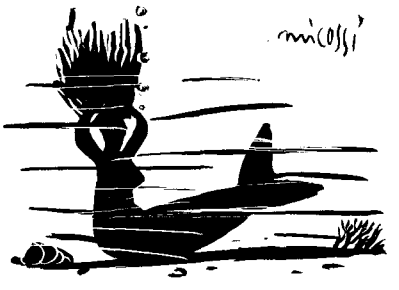
FORTUNATELY, the do-more-with-less invention initiative does not derive from political debate, bureaucratic licensing, or private economic patronage. The license comes only from the blue sky of the inventor's intellect. No one licensed the inventors of the airplane, telephone, electric light, and radio to go to work. It took only the personally dedicated initiative of five men to invent those world-transforming and world-shrinking developments. Herein lies the unexpectedly swift effectiveness of the invisibly generated and inexorable design-science revolution. Politics is, inherently, only an accessory after the fact of the design-science revolution. Despite this historically demonstrable fact, world society as yet persists in looking exclusively to its politicians and their ideologies for world problem-solving.

Within all the foregoing concepts and in view of the low technical advance in everyday dwelling facilities as compared to transport and communication developments, my 1927 Dymaxion House was invented to function in due course as a prime instrument in an air-deliverable, mass producible, world around, new human life-protecting and nurturing, scientific dwelling service industry as the preferred means of transferring the scientific do-more-with-less capability from a weaponry to a livingry focus. I saw that a technology which produced total economic success for humanity could eliminate the fundamental causes of war, i.e., "you or me to the death—on behalf of yours or mine—for there is not enough to sustain us both": the seemingly scientific fact established by Thomas Malthus and later fortified by Darwin's survival-only-of-the-fittest. All else that I have done since then has related to these design-science considerations.

Thus in 1927 I embarked on a lifelong undertaking whose earliest possible realization lay a quarter of a century ahead, i.e., in 1952 (the year the Ford Motor Company acquired my first large Geodesic Dome) with full-scale, world-around industrialization of the livingry service industry to be realized only half a century ahead in 1977. I predicated the economics of my grand strategy upon my own superstition-free concept of wealth as consisting exclusively of integrated intellect and energy. Since science's Law of Conservation of Energy states that energy may neither be created nor lost and experience shows that every time intellect experiments with energy it learns more, wealth can only increase.

Despite their negatively accounted cost and theoretically incurred debt and wastage of more than a trillion dollars, World Wars I and II and subsequent cold warring have rendered the United States ever more vastly wealthy, despite the additional hundreds of billions of dollars lend-leased or given away. Why? Because those wars required ever more automated tool-up to harness more universe energy to do ever more continuous work on an earth whose total industrialization's percentage of strictly killing tools has become a progressively negligible minor fraction. The harnessed energy, production, distribution, communication tools, and techno-scientific literacy thus inadvertently established—all of which can produce peace-supporting prosperity—*is* the wealth.

There are two prime sources of energy to be harnessed and expended to do work. One is the capital energy-saving and storage account; the other is the energy-income account. The fossil fuels took multimillions of years of complex reduction and conservation, progressing from vegetational impoundment of sun radiation by photosynthesis to deep-well storage of the energy concentrated below the earth's surface. There is vast overabundance of income energy at more places around the world, at more times to produce billions-fold the energy now employed by man, if he only knew how to store it when it *is* available, for use when it was *not* available. There are gargantuan energy-income sources available which do not stay the processes of nature's own conservation of energy within the earth crust "against a rainy day." These are in water, tidal, wind, and desert-impinging sun radiation power. The exploiters of the fossil fuels, coal and oil, say it costs less to produce and burn the savings account. This is analogous to saying it takes less effort to rob a bank than to do the work which the money deposited in the bank represents. The question is cost to whom? To our great-great-grandchildren, who will have no fossil fuels to turn the machines? I find that the ignorant acceptance by world society's presently deputized leaders of the momentarily expedient and the lack of constructive, long-distance thinking—let alone comprehensive thinking—would render dubious the case for humanity's earthian future could we not recognize plausible overriding trends.



The only visible means of converting the momentum of negative employment of the physical principles operative in universe into making man a lasting success is in the design-science invention revolution, which fortunately may be joined by individual initiative founded on comprehensive intellectual integrity.

Whether all of my assessment of our historical position is correct and whether my grand strategy may be winning or not may possibly be readable in statistics that reflect the sudden surge of attention to and application of my ideas in the past five years. Though for more than half a century I have been purposefully disregarding the "earning of a living" or "money-making" in my occupational deliberations, my efforts sustaining but only incidentally accruing income, the income—low and slow at first—has steadily increased to ever more effective magnitude.

What, if any, is the significance of this upsurge? It seems to say that the generalized principles governing world industrialization which I seemed to discern, and the evolutionary events which they seemed to make predictable, are now tending to be confirmed by unfolding events. My activities' upsurge also probably reflects the fact that my world-around buildings are enclosing thirty-fold the clear-span interior space per

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pounds of material of any known alternative clear-span engineering systems designed to withstand the same hurricanes, snow loads, and earthquakes. It also reflects the recent years' experimental confirmation in various regions of science of nature's use of the mathematical coordinate system which I long ago discovered and developed.

The upsurge probably further reflects the growing realization by world youth that its desire for success for all humanity can never be accomplished by politics, which is inherently divisive and biased and, to be effective, must eventually have recourse to its ultimate tools of war-making; and that fundamental world peace probably can be accomplished only by a design-science revolution which can and may realize the feasible potential by upgrading the performance per units of resources to provide 100 per cent of humanity with an ever higher standard of living.

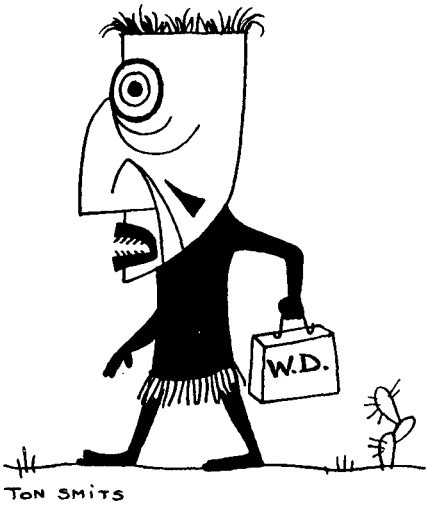
The upsurge probably reflects as well the realization of increasing numbers of the world's youth that world peace probably can be accomplished twenty years faster by a deliberate design-science revolution than by waiting for the inadvertent twenty-years-later-fallout into the standard-of-living-advancing-commerce of the accelerating ephemeralization, as originally promulgated by only a wide variety of basic fear motivations, all of which result in the self-protective world-munitions racing. The world youth intuit that the twenty-year difference could be the difference between humanity's success or extinction.

The upsurge also probably reflects the support I am receiving from industry and the National Aeronautical and Space Administration in my answer to those who say, "Why don't we stop spending billions for going to the *moon* and spend the money solving the *world's* housing problems!" My answer is that we will not have developed the high level of technology with which to successfully sustain all of the games-preoccupied human passengers on the promenade deck of the Good Ship Earth until we give total chemical, physical, and medical science and technology the task of understanding and successfully supporting humans as regenerative metabolic processes anywhere in universe for protracted periods, remote from the complex, regenerative, life-sustaining conditions unique to the biosphere surrounding earth, with the total scientific information translated into the mechanisms and content of a little black box weighing about 500 pounds and requiring replenishment only yearly. Only by the stark, resourceless conditions thus imposed upon experimental science will humanity be forced to transcend its erroneously conditioned earthian reflexes which would otherwise continue to frustrate it with worthless opinions, politics, and war after war.

The upsurge in the accrediting of my functioning is also probably related to my forty years' earlier forecast of the last decades' admission by world-around science that Malthus is wrong and, granted removal of all political boundary restrictions, that the physical resources of earth can support all of a multiplying humanity at higher standards of living than anyone has ever experienced or dreamed.

The upsurge further reflects the recent enthusiasm of scholars and natural scientists for my definition of universe as the cumulative aggregate of all humanity's nonsimultaneous experiences, all of which are finite and include both the ponderable physical and the imponderable metaphysical; with the entropic, increasingly disorderly expansion of physical universe counterbalanced by the increasingly orderly contraction of anti-entropic, metaphysical universe.

The scholars have also commented favorably on my philosophic observations that the omni-interacting, weightless, generalized principles apparently governing universe—discovered only experimentally and progressively by human-intellect-directed science – disclose an *a priori*, anticipatory, amorphous, and only intellectually conceivable, omni-integrity of universe. By virtue of this integrity the generalized intellectual principles governing physical universe interactions and transformations never fail to provide an orderly set of consequences for any of its interacting events or for our own arbitrary or accidental experiments. We are thus confronted by a universe in which an intellect such as Einstein's could hypothetically take the measure of the physical energy universe, a measure which atomic fission later verified experimentally, thus demonstrating intellect's embracing and equating the integrated and differentiated energy of physical universe as $E=mc^2$. There has not been, however, either experimental evidence or intuitive suggestion of the reversibility of those conditions and results whereby physical energy might take the measure of intellect, equate and inscribe the integral and differential equation of intellect and the metaphysical universe.



NO scholars have published refutations of my widely publicized conclusion that all of the foregoing brain-recorded, mind-sorted, and comprehended experiences clearly disclose an infinitely greater *a priori*, omni-anticipatory, intellectual integrity embracing and permeating universe than that demonstrable or suggested by any known capability of any individual human intellect—nor of the integrated, cumulative capabilities of all of history's human intellects—to control total universe in such a manner as to account for all the foregoing experimentally evidenced, omni-integrated, complex behaviors of universe. Wherefore the comprehensive, superhuman, nonanthropomorphic, Universal Intellectual Integrity thus altogether manifest to man by the integrated discoveries of experimental science may be spoken of as God, for that is the most economical term thus far intuitively formulated by humanity to identify such a macro-*micro*, human-capability-transcending, anticipatory, embracing, and inspiring relationship.

What intellect invented the integral of all the only intellectually conceivable, weightless, generalized principles discovered by science to be omni-operative as governing every physical experiment? Until man can answer that question he will have to accept an *a priori* intellect greater than his own.

I am convinced that neither I nor any other human, past or present, was or is a genius. I am convinced that what I have every physically normal child also has at birth. We could, of course, hypothesize that all babies are born geniuses and get swiftly degenuised. Unfavorable circumstances, shortsightedness, frayed nervous systems, and ignorantly articulated love and fear of elders tend to shut off many of the child's brain capability valves. I was lucky in avoiding too many disconnects.

There is luck in everything. My luck is that I was born cross-eyed, was ejected so frequently from the establishment that I was finally forced either to perish or to employ some of those faculties with which we are all endowed—the use of which circumstances had previously so frustrated as to have put them in the deep freezer, whence only hellishly hot situations could provide enough heat to melt them back into usability.

This article is adapted from a paper Mr. Fuller is contributing to the 50th anniversary book of the Harvard class of 1917.

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When Culture Came to Main Street

By ROBERT BENDINER

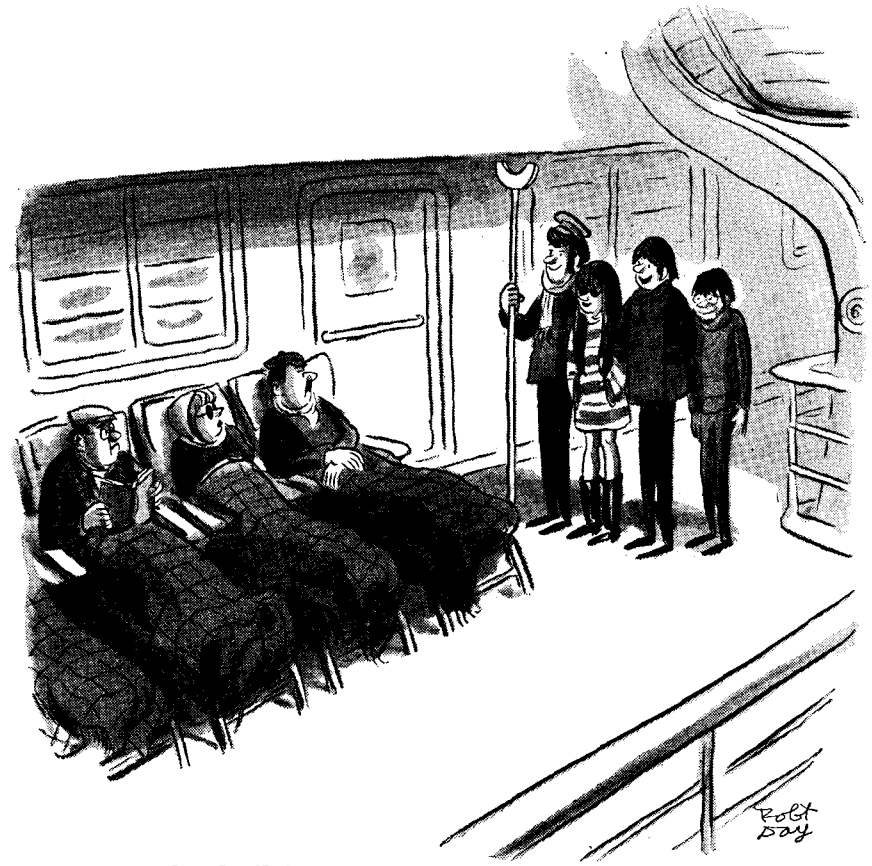
IN THE HISTORY of the world few depression governments can have given housewives free piano lessons. Fewer still can have put thousands of artists to work reproducing ancestral designs of ships' figureheads and coffeepots. And before the 1930s probably none had given stage people an annual wage—even a modest one—to put on free marionette shows and the works of Christopher Marlowe. But the New Deal did all of these, and in addition paid $90 a month to stranded reporters, unpublished novelists, skilled researchers, and an indeterminate number of bohemian hangers-on to turn out some 250 volumes of first-rate Americana.

It has been pointed out *ad nauseam* that the Arts Projects, as these operations of the Works Progress Administration were known, spawned no Mozarts or Da Vincis. Neither, it may be conceded, did they produce lasting works of drama or fiction. What they did do was to see many a talent through exceedingly thin days and to expose to those talents millions of Americans who would otherwise have remained forever innocent of anything like their charms. In this sponsored introduction of struggling artist to untapped audience, the projects at the very least served to destroy in four years certain American myths that had been a century in the aging: that painting had to be European to have merit and required wealth to be appreciated; that all concerts except those by the town band were in the nature of good works to which dutiful ladies dragged long-suffering husbands; and that outside of four or five cities the American people required no theater at all and if offered any would demand *East Lynne*, *Charley's Aunt*, and *The Girl of the Limberlost*. At most, the projects set off what some of our critics call rhapsodically, and some sneeringly, the cultural explosion.

A visiting English critic, a breed not notably charitable on the subject of American culture, was staggered. "Accidentally, WPA has dug up an extraordinary amount of talent," said Ford Madox Ford. "Art in America is being given its chance and there has been nothing like it since before the Reformation." Even if it was not that good, it was good enough to frighten many Congressmen, and on one of the several occasions when the lawmakers threatened to stop the music, Lewis Mumford wrote in protest to President Roosevelt. In somewhat more measured terms than Mr. Ford had used, he recalled Emerson's comment on a proposed shipment of pianos to the frontier towns of the West: "The more piano, the less wolf!" And he went on to point out, "The discovery of art as a vital factor in contemporary American culture was not, of course, the original intention of the WPA art projects. But the fact is that the discovery has now been made; and it would be blind, perhaps even perverse, to ignore its implications."

Certainly a Renaissance was not what Harry Hopkins and his aides had in mind when the Arts Projects were conceived. What interested them was the hope of evolving a whole new concept of government relief. In three years the country had come a long way from the Hoover view that direct aid to the victims of flood or earthquake was right and proper but not to the victims of man-made economics. For a time the dole was the answer, then work of any kind for any purpose. And now, here was Harry Hopkins telling Aubrey Williams on the way to the racetrack that the country had had enough of demoralizing leaf-raking. The time had come for "maintaining the morale and skills" of the unemployed by paying them to perform the work they could do best until a rejuvenated private enterprise was ready to rehire them. Let the Public Works Administration build to satisfy public need and to prime the pump of industry. For its part, the WPA would not build a hospital even if one was wanted unless a town happened to have a pool of idle construction men looking for work. But, if the same town had a group of jobless musicians, the new agency would launch an orchestra with pleasure. As Williams put it later, "We don't think a good musician should be asked to turn second-rate laborer in order that a sewer may be laid for relative permanency rather than a concert given for the momentary pleasure of our people."

Carrying the idea further, WPA pro-



"The shuffleboard champions of tourist class challenge the shuffleboard champions of first class."

Robert Bendiner is the author of *Obstacle Course on Capitol Hill* and other books. This article is adapted from *Just Around the Corner, A Highly Selective History of the Thirties*, which Harper & Row will publish.

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posed to make do with *all* the jobless artists who might come to it for help, rather than concentrate on the truly gifted, who would presumably be the least in need. For years government agencies had hired the best artists, or those it considered such, to do murals and sculpture for its buildings, but now the problem was to employ not just the best, but also the merely good — in practice, even the mediocre and sometimes the downright inferior, who also had to eat. An enormous supply of just adequate talent existed in the country and an even more enormous potential audience of unsophisticated tastes. WPA would bring them together, at the same time preserving the talent, such as it was, from sterility and elevating the spirit of the country at a moment when it most needed elevating. This concept of employing the inferior with the good and both in large quantities would profoundly affect the nature of the projects.

With monotonous regularity it was charged that the WPA Writers Project, for example, had little to do with writers. True, the memorable names connected with it can be counted on the fingers: Conrad Aiken, John Cheever, Richard Wright, Maxwell Bodenheim, George W. Cronyn, Edward Dahlberg, John Steinbeck, Vardis Fisher, Vincent McHugh, and Claude McKay just about complete the list, with Harry Kamp added if you have an extra finger. One severe New Deal critic claimed to have definite proof that only 21 per cent of the persons employed by the Project in New York City had ever written for a living or seen a line of their own composition in print. But if even that proportion held for the 7,500 people employed by the Project, it must have taken care of close to 1,600 more or less professional writers, a service that I would regard, in a fraternal way, as highly laudable.

IT was probably true, nevertheless, that what passed for a writers' project was essentially what Bernard DeVoto called it—"a project for research workers." Happily, good writers and skilled journalists, headed by Henry Alsberg, its first national director, were strategically placed to turn the yield of the diggers into the most colorful and illuminating series of guides a nation could ask for. A one-time newspaperman and also a director of the Provincetown Theatre, Alsberg felt that Americans might want to know more about places, people, and things in the United States than they could get from filling-station maps or Chamber of Commerce handouts. There had not been a Baedeker on America since 1909, and its timeliness in 1936 was indicated by a solemn assurance that travel on this side of the Atlantic was "as safe as in the most civilized parts of Europe." Tourists would no need firearms, it advised, but would do well to bring matches, buttons, and dress gloves.

Alsberg's instinct was right, and it fitted in, moreover, with the concept that ran through all the arts projects, namely, that given the talent at their disposal and the controversy that creative work might entail, their best contribution would be to expose Americans for the first time to true, detailed, and vivid Americana. The result was that the guides—one for each of the forty-eight states, thirty for major cities, and twenty others for great travel arteries such as *U.S. One* and *The Oregon Trail*—were remarkably rich in oddities and lore. Traditional landmarks and monuments were well and duly treated, but in the essays and descriptive "Tours" much was added that local boosters' clubs would rather have seen omitted. It gave the works a salt and savor that made them not only good reading but an indispensable key to the national character and the national past.

Even as the guides were coming off the press, Robert Cantwell, a perceptive critic for *New Republic*, noted that alongside the conventional America they portrayed another America, inhabited by "a fanciful, impulsive, childlike, absent-minded, capricious, and ingenious people," a land in which many prominent citizens "built big houses (usually called somebody's folly) that promptly fell into ruins when the owner backed inventions that didn't work."

This iconoclastic note resounded through all the guides. An eighteenth- or nineteenth-century fisherman of Marblehead, Massachusetts, talking of the Puritan search for freedom of worship, is quoted with the reflection that "Our ancestors came not here for religion. Their main end was to catch fish." For every fortune founded by foresight and celebrated in school histories, dozens were lost through bad guessing and worse timing, and the guides do not neglect them—bankers who invested in canals just before the railroad became a certainty, traders plunging heavily on slaves as late as 1859, and, on a more modest level, the New England farmer who contracted to board a supposedly ninety-four-year-old fellow Yankee for the rest of his life for $120. The tenacious boarder died at 116, says the guide, happy in the knowledge that for twenty-two years he had eaten for about $5 a year. Among those who guessed more shrewdly than the farmer, on the other hand, were two Maine paupers who escaped from the Bangor almshouse and, before they were apprehended the following morning, made $1,800 each by speculating in dubious timberlands.

Eccentrics abound in the guides, their homes being pointed out along with those of the poets and Presidents. Types in the gallery are the inventor who installed a machine on his roof to capture power from the sun, and the man who plotted to rescue Napoleon from St. Hel-

"For pete's sake, Alice, why didn't you say you weren't getting enough love?"

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ena, even building a ship for the purpose, before he learned that Bonaparte had been dead for some time. There is also Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, who, when he wasn't engaged in selling warming pans to West Indians in exchange for molasses ladles, wrote *Pickles for the Knowing Ones.* All punctuation in that work, the guide informs us, appeared at the end in several pages of solid commas and periods under the caption "Salt and Pepper to Taste."

As Cantwell pointed out, discussions of local architecture gave considerable space to secret rooms, hidden stairways, and false halls, which seem to have been one of the odder preoccupations of early American builders. And when these sober forebears of ours weren't concentrating on trapdoors and sliding panels they seem to have busied themselves composing humorous epitaphs for themselves and their relations. Much of their frivolity finds its way into the guides, along with information of a more conventional and less amusing nature. So do legends, ghost stories, and countless tales of lovers' leaps, usually made by frustrated and romantic Indians. The Missouri guide is especially rich in superstitious lore, which in the Mississippi basin seems to have changed little since the boyhood of Huckleberry Finn. For a visitor it is pleasant, and for one writing about the area downright useful, to know that in the Ozarks some still hold it an ill omen to see a cross-eyed person, especially at the intersection of two pathways; believe that the initials of one's future spouse will appear on a handkerchief left out in a wheatfield on the night of April 30; and are convinced that a hoop snake will put its tail in its mouth and roll toward an intended victim, even going uphill, faster than a horse can run.

Criticism of the Writers' Project was comparatively mild. The only valid point of any importance was the fact that the excellence of its work — not only the guides, but also the "Life in America" series, ranging from *The Italians of New York* to *Baseball in Old Chicago*—owed so much to the handful of experts who edited them or contributed to them from the outside. The handicaps, on the other hand, were formidable. Besides red tape, local pressure, the constant draining away of the best reporters, and the incompetence of the worst, there was always the threat from Capitol Hill. No one ever knew when Congress would cut appropriations, condemn the work being turned out, or eliminate the Project altogether.

In the consequently jittery and tentative atmosphere, morale, not high to begin with at a wage scale averaging $90 a month, wobbled badly. Relief investigators snooped about to make sure that nobody had a spare dime to squirrel away; the future was shaky; and people on the Projects talked constantly of getting a "real job." Since no increases in pay were attainable by direct action, collective bargainers concentrated on being recognized as collective bargainers, on raising *rates* of pay by getting their hours reduced, and on violently protesting the periodic appearance of pink slips announcing layoffs.

"Ye gads! I just got the all-over picture!"

Inevitably, Communists were charged with leading the uprisings that broke out from time to time, and there is not much doubt that by way of the Workers Alliance they had a good hand in them. On one occasion some 600 workers on the Art and Writers' Projects staged a sit-in for days at the 42nd Street offices of the agency, barricading the administrator in his cubbyhole and cutting off all incoming telephone calls. The only concession was that a fortunate subordinate was allowed to leave from time to time to take special calls at a saloon across the street. Aubrey Williams, among the most militant of the Administration liberals, put in a request for a police escort to get the officials out and clear the building, but the most Mayor La Guardia would do was to send an officer around every couple of hours to make sure the sagging floor wouldn't collapse under the unnatural load — which for the sake of drama included an extra complement of the maimed and the pregnant. Only when the administrator agreed to recommend cancelation of threatened layoffs was he allowed to leave, happily reassigned to Washington.

Such excesses were no doubt a drag on the program, as were the fulminations of Congressmen and the endless charges of "boondoggling" by newspaper editors who somehow never thought of their own highly perishable editorials in that light at all; who must indeed have thought that their repetitious carping would outlast the guides, the Index of American Design, the native songs preserved by the Music Project, the impact of Shakespeare on De Funiak Springs, Florida, and all the rest of the WPA's unique experiment in Federal art.

IT was, all in all, a magnificent experiment and one that went far to bear out Gutzon Borglum's eloquent letter to Aubrey Williams when the WPA was still a gleam in the eye of Harry Hopkins: "I want to suggest to you that you make your thought of aid to the creative ones among us greater, more effective in scope. . . . You are not after masterpieces, and you should not be discouraged if you have many failures; the real success will be in the interest, the human interest, which you will awaken; and what that does to the nation's mind. I believe that's the door through which Hopkins, you, and his aides can coax the soul of America back to interest in life." It certainly coaxed it over to a somewhat *different* life.

Gospel

By John Frederick Nims

Fresh from another's bed, that kiss for me?
Here's generous flesh, my dear? Soul's charity?
Or is the poor head puzzled? Good words run
Love one another. Not: *another one.*

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Saturday Review

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Vietnam and the Fourth Group

UNTIL RECENT WEEKS, American public opinion on the war in Vietnam has tended to form into three groups. One group has advocated the direct use of military force to whatever extent might be necessary to crush North Vietnam, regardless of the risk of wider war. A second group has favored complete military and political withdrawal, regardless of the risk of chaos and widespread slaughter. The third group, according to most of the indications, has been the dominant one. It has supported a course, outlined by the President, that seeks to avoid either total escalation or total pullout, putting our main emphasis on ending the war through negotiations. Beyond negotiations, this third group sees a chance for the Vietnamese, under the auspices perhaps of the United Nations, to have a test of self-determination, and an opportunity for the United States to help rehabilitate all of Vietnam.

In recent weeks, however, a fourth group in American public opinion has been taking shape. It is drawing much of its strength from the third group. This fourth group consists of those who formerly supported the President's declared policy for an honorable peace through negotiations but regard the bombing as inconsistent with that objective. It is also becoming apprehensive and aroused over the growing evidence that the President's policy is being negated or contradicted within the Government itself.

The evidence of contradiction is accumulating. It is now known that as long ago as August 1964, U.N. Secretary General U Thant conveyed a message about possible negotiations to the U.S. State Department. The message made known Hanoi's willingness to participate in talks with the United States. The suggested place for the meeting was Rangoon, Burma. President Johnson had previously emphasized the desire of the United States to avoid a punitive settlement. U Thant had supported the President's plea in a private communication to the government in Hanoi. The reply from Hanoi was encouraging but U Thant was unable to get any response out of the State Department for more than four months. Finally, U Thant learned that the State Department, despite public statements to the contrary, was opposed to negotiations at the time because it feared that peace measures might produce another collapse of the government in South Vietnam. Later, it was reliably learned that the State Department had failed to inform the President of the opportunity for negotiations presented by U Thant.

Several weeks after the failure to get talks started in Rangoon, the President announced he was authorizing air bombing in Vietnam. One of the reasons publicly given was that Hanoi had shown no positive response to the effort to end the war through negotiations.

A second item of evidence now coming to light has to do with quiet exploratory talks with North Vietnam that had been painstakingly arranged and that were about to take place in Warsaw, Poland, as recently as December 1966. On the eve of the exploratory talks, the United States bombed the city of Hanoi, despite its earlier assurances it had no intention of attacking civilian targets. That was the end of the talks. The U.S. State Department denied that the bombing had occurred and stood by the denial until the testimony of eyewitnesses, Americans among them, became irrefutable. President Johnson sought to reactivate the Warsaw negotiations by assuring Hanoi that he was banning bombing operations within a specified distance of the city; but it was too late.

A third fact concerns the repeated statements by Dean Rusk, Secretary of State, to the effect that the United States would stop the bombing if it had any indication that North Vietnam was prepared to respond with de-escalation moves of its own. The Secretary's position, on the face of it, was reasonable enough. It takes two sides to scale down a war. It now develops, however, that a message saying Hanoi was willing to enter into reciprocal de-escalation was conveyed to the U.S. State Department early in January 1967. The message said that Hanoi was prepared to offer a permanent cease-fire if the United States would stop the bombing. Despite this fact, the Secretary continued to say he had received no sign of Hanoi's willingness to cut back on the war.

Such facts are known not just to a few. They are being discussed with consternation in Congressional quarters, in capitals throughout the world, in the United Nations, in the Vatican, and wherever foreign correspondents are gathered. These facts represent a liability in America's relationship to the rest of the world.

This is the background against which a new public opinion is emerging in the United States. This public opinion has had no difficulty in supporting the declared policy of the United States in Vietnam. But it is now discovering that the declared policy may not be the real policy. It is discovering that the government itself is not of a piece on vital questions in foreign affairs and that sectors of the government can move in direct contradiction to the President. The President has succeeded in persuading most of the American people against an irresponsible enlargement of the war or an irresponsible and precipitate withdrawal, but he appears to be less persuasive inside his own house.

Whatever the vagaries of American public opinion, there are finite limits to its capacity to be manipulated. A free society has a way of developing an instinct for reality. It also places a proper value on its good name before the rest of the world. American public opinion may be many things but it is not cynical. It is also the major element in any effective conduct of government policy, at home or abroad. It demands respect, not as an indulgence but as the firmest of all its natural rights. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Brain Drain

SENATOR WALTER F. MONDALE, in his analysis of the "Brain Drain" ["How Poor Nations Give to the Rich," *SR*, March 11], has neglected to take into account one important factor which influences the decision of foreign students to remain in the United States. This is that each student is an individual, not part of a mass of resources.

Consider the foreign student from a less developed nation entering an American university. If he does not adjust to his new environment—apart from the academic aspects—he will spend a very miserable four, six, or eight years in the United States. On the other hand, if he changes his former habits sufficiently to make a nearly complete adjustment, he may encounter insurmountable difficulties in readjusting to his former life when he returns to his native country.

Unless one is able to think of these students as individuals, it will be difficult to approach a solution to the problem.

DIANE C. SULLIVAN.
University Park, Pa.

I WAS STARTLED to read in Senator Mondale's article about the large percentage of foreign students in the United States who have apparently refused to return to their own countries. It makes me wonder what, if anything, the United States is doing to assist less developed countries, particularly in Asia and Africa, to establish and improve their own institutions of higher learning.

Until such institutions exist, the best stopgap is to educate these people here, but such a program can be only an expedient.

WILLIAM C. GEER.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Midwest on the Move

KATHARINE KUH, in her article, "An Arts Council That Works" [*SR*, Feb. 25], is being provincial when she dismisses the Missouri Council on the Arts as "reputedly showing promise." We *are* showing promise and this is based on the solid results of our programs of the past two years. They ranged from symphony concerts, experimental music groups, and a repertory theater tour to visual arts exhibits in schools, to mention a few of the activities.

The Midwest is on the move artistically. A recent meeting of Arts Council representatives of the twelve states that participate in the Midwest Governor's Conference demonstrated the enthusiasm that is being generated in the area.

Howard Adams of the Associated Councils on the Arts likes to refer to the New York Council as "the mother church," but please do not lose track of the accomplishments of the new and impressive Councils of the other states.

CLARK MITZE, Executive Director,
Missouri State Council on the Arts.
St. Louis, Mo.

A Quiet Merger?

I AM SURPRISED by the implications in Robert Lewis Shayon's column, "The Quiet Merger" [*SR*, Feb. 4], that the activities surrounding the proposed ITT-ABC merger have been conducted without public awareness. As a matter of fact, this was one of the most publicized activities in which ITT—and perhaps any other communications company—has been involved.

Between the time the proposed merger was announced in December of 1965 and the vote approving the merger by the FCC in December 1966, coverage of it in the national news media was complete and extensive. The FCC held two days of public hearings—advertised fully in advance—before approving the application, an unusual step since in only about one of 1,000 cases of license transfers is any hearing held.

Significantly, no major opposition appeared during these hearings, either from the Department of Justice or Congress or labor—from anyone. The fact is that the FCC studied every phase of the merger for almost a solid year before a minuscule minority in Congress even came forth with hypothetical objections.

EDWARD J. GERRITY, JR.,
Senior Vice President,
International Telephone and
Telegraph Corporation.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Shayon replies, "As I said in the column, I was not weighing the merits of the controversy. I was giving attention to Commissioners Johnson's and Bartley's dissents, which underscored the lack of public scrutiny of so important a transfer of broadcast licenses. No matter how familiar ABC and ITT may have been with the case, even well-informed citizens really had no substantive knowledge of what was involved. My purpose was to throw some light on the lack of institutional machinery for informing the public.*

"My son, the terrorist. . . ."

Travel Notes

ANTHONY NETBOY'S article "The Literary Past: A View from the Tour Bus" in your spring travel section March 11 rang true.

Three years ago, my wife and I, just out of undergraduate school and in our first year of teaching, took twenty-five college preparatory high school students through England, France, and Italy on a "literary tour" of our own concoction. The two towns Mr. Netboy mentioned as least-frequented—Haworth and Bath—were undoubtedly the most memorable to our students, perhaps because they were relatively deserted, but more so because they had a definite *atmosphere* associated with their authors.

J. BASIL HAMBLIN.
Chautauqua, N.Y.

A CAPTION accompanying Marvin Kalb's "Pasternak's Russia" [*SR*, March 11] is in error: The building described on page 72 as the University of Moscow actually is an apartment building several miles away.

DR. EDWARD S. EBY.
Waterford, Conn.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

O'Neill's Mannons Musicalized—D. F-D.

MARVIN DAVID LEVY may have lost the gamble he took on the proposition that Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* could be successfully made into an opera, but in putting the results on its stage the Metropolitan has found a composer who should have a productive part in its future. This is no paradox at all but a conclusion based on two simple facts that emerged from its first performance anywhere: the magnitude of the problem Levy confronted at thirty-four and the competence, rising at some moments to distinction and beauty, of the results he has achieved in his first try at a full-length opera.

Magnitude is, indeed, a feeble word to suggest the order of undertaking required to present in three acts what O'Neill set forth in thirteen—the corrupt core of the Mannons of Massachusetts, whose family tree was afflicted by a blight which spread through every limb and branch of it. One by one, the offshoots crumble and die. The analogy ceases there, for in no instance are the four deaths a result of nature's will. They are, rather, induced by a series of man- and woman-made circumstances which O'Neill shaped to the symbols and values of Aeschylus's *The Oresteia*. The parallels extend from Ezra Mannon (Agamemnon) and Christine (Clytemnestra) to Lavinia (Electra) and Orin (Orestes).

The solution proposed by librettist Henry Butler and participated in by sundry others (including, no doubt, the Greek director Michael Cacoyannis, whose staging is a model of concision and purpose) is to convert each of O'Neill's plays into an act of the opera. Few lines survive as O'Neill wrote them, but further to the problematic point is that the action moves so swiftly that tragedy follows upon tragedy in terms of minutes rather than stage hours or chronological days. There is hardly a strange interlude of lightness or gaiety to suggest that the Mannons had anything on their minds other than aggressions and antagonisms.

The mirror image of Levy presented in his score is oddly inverted. His real gift, without doubt, is a lyric one, the kind of singing impulse that defines the truly gifted. It becomes conspicuous in Act II when Orin, returned from the Civil War, soliloquizes over his dead father (poisoned by his wife) with the words, "How death becomes the Mannons!" But the nature of the aggressions and antagonisms launched in Act I—such as father-love, mother-hatred—demand a constant tightening of dramatic tensions at which Levy is much less adept. It is done with conscience and care but not, to my taste, with real spine-tingling (or, to reverse the image, gut-gripping) intensity. Recurrently in the act and a half that follows Orin's expression, the latent warmth of lyric feeling is fanned from a flicker to a glow, as in the beautifully composed quartet, in which the mother and her lover are spied upon by her son and daughter aboard a clipper ship in Boston harbor. Unlike such classic quartets as those of *Rigoletto* and *La Bohème*, in which duets in opposition are combined in a quartet, this one amounts to separate soliloquies musically reconciled. It is brilliantly written and sumptuously sung by the work's principals.

THE pace of rapidly unfolding happenings, however, calls ever and again for verbal exposition through song-speech over orchestral commentary. This is, at best, a difficult kind of expression to make interesting and all but impossible for a composer with the experience perimeter of Levy. In Act I, for example (it was rewritten three times), much of his effort is concentrated on finding a solution to this problem. It tends to be overexplosive, heavy with percussion, more sound really than fury. Levy has a natural feeling for the theater which enables him to set a suitable pace for the opening dialogue, but the skips and leaps and octave jumps lose their effect after awhile. As he gets closer to the heart of the problem, however—which is to say, to the hearts of his characters—more and more of the commitment gets into the singing line. In Act III this rises to considerable distinction.

This may be, at bottom, because it is in Act III that the drama settles down to an exposition of Lavinia and her urges—psychological as well as sexual—and the part they play in the decaying roots of the Mannon family tree. Lavinia clearly is the character who means the most to Levy, which is as it should be. She is the Electra whom mourning becomes. That the composer is acutely aware of this and, finally, makes her the best realized of his characters is perhaps the soundest reason to regard his operatic future with confidence rather than merely hope.

Stylistically, the score moves freely in what is likely to be called a conservatively contemporary idiom but which strikes me as a reasoned outgrowth of the subject matter. Verbal values are not so steadily well reasoned, but Levy has the good judgment to make clarity paramount when a statement indispensable to the drama is involved. Sometimes an echo of *Salome* or *Elektra* intrudes, but a composer who can invent a blending of electrified guitar and harp figurations (to support a little arioso charmingly delivered by Lilian Sukis) hardly needs rely on predecessors. Occasionally Levy repeats such a formulation as soprano voice echoed by oboe, or the baritone line supported by cellos, but this is well within the range of the expectable in a first effort. The substantial fact of Levy's fledgling flight is that, for all the burden his self-chosen subject puts upon him, he is capable of developing the impetus to make it more than momentarily airborne.

This related more than a little to such additional motive power as Cacoyannis's direction and the décor of Boris Aronson. The latter, in particular, has used the resources of the new Met stage with practiced theatrical skill to give fluidity and atmosphere to the scenes and their changes (the longer ones clearly outran Levy's ability to sustain an instrumental interlude). Within this frame Cacoyannis has developed a scheme of action that strips the participants of commonplace operatic attitudes and gesture in favor of an economic, naturalistic action which would be absorbing were there no musical context. The latter, however, has been shaped to a kind of cloak upon the body of the visual pattern by Zubin Mehta, whose conducting far exceeded anything he has previously done at the Metropolitan. In intelligence, concentration, and productivity, it earns the high compliment of suggesting what the late Dimitri Mitropoulos might have done.

Of the essence in the final outcome is the finely matched group of performers he had to work with. Included were two new to this stage: the American-born Evelyn Lear, who vivified the dilemmas of Lavinia in a consistently credible way vocally and with absorbing dramatic power (considering that she is, physically, somewhat slight for the best pictorial advantage); and the Australian-born Marie Collier, who gave Christine the exact kind of hard exterior over a lingering suggestion of physical attractiveness to make her actions believable. Both women have vocal instruments of uncommon beauty and responsiveness, and when they sang together it was an enriching experience. Miss Sukis, in the smallish role of Helen, gave promise of finer things to come.

Of the men, John Macurdy was excellent in the relatively brief role of the first Mannon (Ezra) to expire, Sherrill Milnes sang well but acted rather stiffly

(*Continued on page* 59)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Second Week of Creation

THE ONE thing we have learned to expect from Thornton Wilder is the unexpected. After *The Woman of Andros*, a short, poetic novel about love and faith laid on a Greek island 2,000 years ago, came *Heaven's My Destination*, a realistic and in part satirical novel about life in America during the Depression. That was followed by *The Ides of March*, a story of ancient Rome, set forth by a variety of ingenious devices. And that has been followed, nineteen years later, by *The Eighth Day* (Harper & Row, $6.95), on the surface an old-fashioned, discursive novel about people in a small Illinois town around the turn of the century. In a sense it is a mystery story, as in a sense *Bleak House* is; but, like Dickens's novel, it is more than that—a broadly ranging chronicle in the Victorian manner. As *The Matchmaker* was a surprise after *The Skin of Our Teeth* and all the other plays, just because it relied on traditional methods, so *The Eighth Day* is a surprise after the fiction that preceded it. Wilder, because of his mastery of form, has no hesitation about putting new wine in what appear to be old bottles.

The Eighth Day begins: "In the early summer of 1902 John Barrington Ashley of Coaltown, a small mining center in southern Illinois, was tried for the murder of Breckenridge Lansing, also of Coaltown. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. Five days later, at one in the morning of Tuesday, July 22, he escaped from his guards on the train that was carrying him to his execution." Having set down this bald statement, Wilder proceeds in an offhand fashion to characterize the two men. He then says that eight or ten years later, when three of John Ashley's four children had become eminent, people began to ask questions "about those old teasers Heredity and Environment, about gifts and talents, and destiny and chance." "This John Ashley—what was there in *him* (as in some hero in those old plays of the Greeks) that brought down upon him so mixed a portion of fate: unmerited punishment, a 'miraculous' rescue, exile, and an illustrious progeny?"

Wilder has always asked questions of this sort. In *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* Brother Juniper studies the lives of the five victims of a collapsing bridge, in the hope of finding evidence that the disaster was designed by God and served His ends. *Heaven's My Destination* asks what happens in the modern world to an idealist who sincerely tries to live by his ideals. *The Ides of March* is a subtle, many-sided study of the nature of great men: what is greatness? Wilder asks the questions, but he seldom provides unequivocal answers. The last chapter of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* is called "Perhaps an Intention," and the "perhaps" is as far as Wilder is willing to go. We are never quite sure whether George Brush is a hero or a fool, and Wilder's Julius Caesar raises baffling problems for the moralist.

The Eighth Day is also ambiguous. Early in the novel Wilder tells how the citizens of Coaltown gathered on the evening of December 31, 1899, to welcome the new century. After the noisy jubilation, the mood became thoughtful, almost somber, and someone asked Dr. Gillies, Coaltown's seer, what the new century would be like. He replied: "Nature never sleeps. The process of life never stands still. The creation has not come to an end. The Bible says that God created man on the sixth day and rested, but each of those days was many millions of years long. That day of rest must have been a short one. Man is not an end but a beginning. We are at the beginning of the second week. We are children of the eighth day." Dr. Gillies went on to give a dramatic account of the process of evolution and to predict a glorious future in which the human race would realize its potentialities.

And then Wilder writes: "Dr. Gillies was lying for all he was worth. He had no doubt that the coming century would be too direful to contemplate—that is to say, like all the other centuries. . . . Dr. Gillies had no faith in progress, in the future of mankind." Wilder continues: "He lied roundly because his eyes rested on Roger Ashley and George Lansing. He spoke as he would have if Hector [his deceased son] had been there. It is the duty of old men to lie to the young. Let these encounter their own disillusions. We strengthen our souls, when young, on hope; the strength we acquire enables us later to endure despair as a Roman should."

Having posed his problem, Wilder begins an orderly unfolding of events leading up to and following after the shooting. He tells how Breckenridge Lansing and John Ashley came to Coaltown and how the former depended on the latter. He tells how Ashley's wife, Beata, after her husband's deliverance, withdrew herself from Coaltown, never leaving her house. He tells how Roger Ashley, seventeen and a half, went to Chicago to seek his fortune; how Sophia, his energetic sister, established a boardinghouse; and how the talented Lily, another sister, became a professional singer. Meanwhile all members of the Ashley family are under the surveillance of the enraged and vindictive police.

Ashley's story, when Wilder gets around to telling it, is colorful: his rescue, which is as mysterious to him as to his family; his experiences as a gambler in New Orleans; his adventures and achievements as a mining engineer in

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Chile. The story is exciting, but Wilder does not allow it to tell itself, frequently interrupting to comment and interpret. At the outset, for example, we are told: "John Ashley was a man of faith. He did not know that he was a man of faith. He would have been quick to deny that he was a man of religious faith, but religions are merely the garments of faith—and very ill-cut they often are, especially in Coaltown, Illinois." After a discussion of the nature of men and women of faith, Wilder states: "There is no creation without faith and hope. There is no faith and hope that does not express itself in creation. These men and women work."

AGAIN, speaking of Ashley's success with cards, he writes: "Ashley had no idea why he was so accomplished a gambler. He relied upon a whole series of fetishes, irrational promptings and superstitions, and was ashamed of them. Faith is an ever-widening pool of clarity, fed from springs beyond the margin of consciousness. We all know more than we know we know."

Often Wilder is aphoristic: "The process of learning is accompanied by alterations of pain and brief quickenings of pleasure that resemble pain." "Many a beginning philosopher has been on the point of grasping the problem of suffering, but what sage can cope with that of happiness?" "The root of avarice is the fear of what circumstance can bring." "The truest virtues are supererogatory: compassion not toward the good but toward the wicked, generosity to the ungrateful, fidelity without formal commitment." "The leave-takings of the children of faith are like first recognitions. Time does not present itself to them as an infinite succession of endings."

It is one of today's literary dogmas that the novel should be objective; that the novelist should never appear in his own person as Fielding and Thackeray and many lesser novelists did; that he should try to make himself invisible in the manner of Flaubert and James. But surely the novelist is in his novel even though he never lifts his voice; if he does not tell the reader what to think, he does his best to arrange matters so that the reader can't think anything but what the novelist wants him to. The familiar distinction between telling and showing is important, but not so important as many critics maintain. In *The Ides of March* Wilder introduces extracts from Julius Caesar's journals and from letters by a number of persons, including Cleopatra, Cicero, and Catullus. There is much wisdom in the book, and of course it is Wilder's though the wise sayings are ascribed to characters. From this it was only a short step to the abandonment of the pretense of objectivity, and Wilder has taken it in his new novel. Who is speaking in the passages I have quoted (and there are hundreds like them)? The author and nobody else.

WILDER follows the same procedure in describing Roger Ashley's rise to fame as a journalist. We are told, for instance: "Roger possessed little sense of humor. There was no second Roger lodged within his head. A sense of humor judges one's actions and the actions of others from a wider reference and a longer view and finds them incongruous. It dampens enthusiasm; it mocks hope; it pardons shortcomings; it consoles failure. It recommends moderation. This wider reference and longer view are not the gifts of any extraordinary wisdom; they are merely the condensed opinion of a given community at a given moment. Roger was a very serious young man. Further advantages and disadvantages will come to our attention in the course of this history." The actual steps by which Roger achieves a success worthy of one of Horatio Alger's heroes are realistically and convincingly described. Wilder does not merely tell; he shows—Roger as a hotel clerk, Roger as a hospital orderly, Roger and his girls, Roger's apprenticeship in a newspaper office. But he comments whenever he feels that comment may be valuable.

We are also told about Lily as a singer and Connie as a philanthropist, though not very much. (The life of the third sister, Sophia, is blighted by her too early assumption of too great a responsibility.) Wilder goes back to 1883 to tell about John Ashley as a young man and about his romance with Beata. More surprisingly, he tells about the upbringing of Eustacia Sims, who became Mrs. Breckenridge Lansing. (But it is true that the Lansing daughter, Félicité, marries Roger Ashley, and that the son, George, who eventually has a strange career as an actor in Russia, plays a crucial part in the story.) The last chapter not only explains the murder of Lansing and the rescue of Ashley but gives us glimpses of what happened to the principal characters after the mystery was solved in 1905.

AS Wilder is discussing the youth of John Ashley, he remarks in a typical passage—typical save for the use of the first person singular: "As I shall have occasion to say when we consider the early years of Eustacia Lansing: all young people secrete idealism as continuously as the *Bombyx mori* secretes silk. It is as necessary to them as food that life be filled with wonder—that they contemplate heroes." Such generalizations may or may not seem true to the reader, but they engage his mind in the search for truth that Wilder has undertaken.

Wilder's way of commenting on the characters does not diminish one's sense of their reality but enhances it. In fact, he seems more objective than the impersonal moderns, for he talks about these people as if they were real. This is contrary to another dogma of the moderns: characters have no existence out of their books; you mustn't ask how many children Lady Macbeth had. But surely all of us except the rarefied intellectuals, the specialists, do become interested in the people we read about in novels if the novels are any good, and feel that they have an independent existence. The most important thing a novel can do, according to E. M. Forster, is to bounce you into a sense of life, and this Wilder does.

There is always the possibility, by the way, Wilder being Wilder, that some of the characters in *The Eighth Day* do have an independent existence in either fact or fiction. He did not hesitate in *The Cabala* to have Keats die in 1920, or in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* to transfer Madame de Sévigné from France to Peru, or in *The Ides of March* to pluck Edward Sheldon out of the twentieth century and make him Caesar's confidant. Also, he has borrowed from other authors, as freely as any Elizabethan: from Prosper Mérimeé in *The Bridge*, from Terence in *The Woman of Andros*, from *Finnegans Wake* in *The Skin of Our Teeth*, from a comedy by Johann Nestroy in *The Matchmaker*. So far as his borrowings are concerned, he has written: "Literature has always more resembled a torch race than a furious dispute among heirs. . . . I am not an innovator but a rediscoverer of forgotten goods and I hope a remover of

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1234

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1234 will be found in the next issue.

ZGWNRMIRS ULHUBPBLBGU

GOGRBPND HS BFG PDRNWVG-

BGDB WIDS QNM IVVNPDBWGDB

HS BFG RNMMLVB QGA.

—UFIA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1233

The only good copies are those that reveal what is silly in the bad originals.
—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

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obtrusive bric-a-brac. . . . Literature is the orchestration of platitudes." As for the deliberate anachronisms, Malcolm Cowley has explained that Wilder's sense of time is not like that of most of his contemporaries; his principle is: "Everything that happened might happen anywhere, and will happen again." I shall not be surprised, therefore, if some researcher discovers that John Ashley and his children have their prototypes, perhaps in twelfth-century China or in a Finnish saga.

Wilder, near the close of *The Eighth Day*, makes a comment on history: "But there is only one history. It began with the creation of man and will come to an end when the last human consciousness is extinguished. All other beginnings and endings are arbitrary conventions—makeshifts parading as self-sufficient entireties, diffusing petty comfort or petty despair. The cumbrous shears of the historian cut out a few figures and a brief passage of time from that enormous tapestry. Above and below the laceration, to the right and left of it, the severed threads protest against the injustice, against the imposture." In the light of that statement it is easy to understand why he did not want a tight structure, why he moved back and forth in time, why he introduced characters not essential to the plot, why he left many questions unanswered: he could not present the whole tapestry, but at least he could let the severed threads be seen.

In the end Wilder comes back to the question of design. The venerable leader of a pious sect tells Roger Ashley that he thinks he can see the operation of God's will in the whole Ashley affair, but, like Brother Juniper in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, he isn't sure. Wilder writes: "There is much talk of a design in the arras. Some are certain they see it. Some see what they have been told to see. Some remember that they saw it once but have lost it. Some are strengthened by seeing a pattern wherein the oppressed and exploited of the earth are gradually emerging from their bondage. Some find strength in the conviction that there is nothing to see. Some" There the novel ends.

Wilder offers the reader no certainty, but he does inspire a beautiful sense of human possibilities. He does not deny the existence of evil. He knows that suffering and disappointment and defeat are inherent in the human condition, but he believes that for some people in some places in some times life can be satisfying. That is not exactly a robust faith, but it has sustained Wilder in a long and creative career and has inspired a novel that is as likely to survive, in part because it is unfashionable, as anything written in our time.

—Granville Hicks.

Old Age Inaugural: Five years ago, at the age of sixty-five, Thornton Wilder abruptly brought to an end virtually all his correspondence, declined all further invitations from friends and acquaintances, and went off to the Arizona desert. Although he called the removal from his usual haunts his retirement, Wilder was in fact inaugurating his "old age" with work on a new novel. Not since Melville at sixty-nine began work on *Billy Budd* had a major American novelist — *pace* Upton Sinclair — successfully beaten the calendar. With the publication of *The Eighth Day* Wilder demonstrates that the wellspring of his creative energies is undiminished.

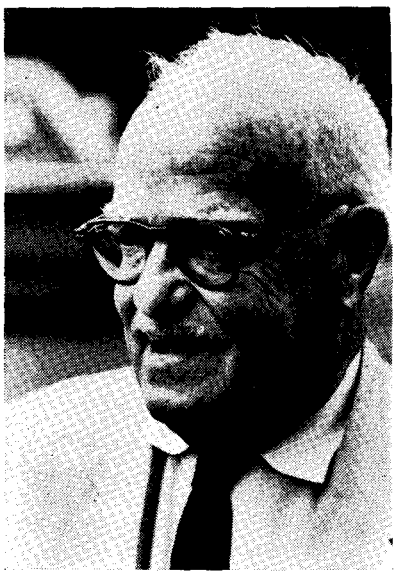
Descended of old New England stock and for the past fifty years a Connecticut resident, Thornton Wilder was born in Madison, Wisconsin, on April 17, 1897. His father was a newspaper editor for whom good writing and oral expression were a central fact of existence. (The late Henry Luce told me that Amos Wilder was the most effective impromptu speaker he had ever heard.)

Wilder's mother, Isabella, who combined wit with a keen understanding of people, was devoted to literature and the arts. While Thornton derived his profound respect for disciplined expression from his father, from his mother he gained a lifelong infatuation with the imaginative possibilities of language.

Wilder once said to me:

> Comparison of one's lot with others teaches us nothing and enfeebles the will. Many born in an environment of poverty, disease and stupidity, in an age of chaos, have put us in their debt. By the standards of many people and by my own these dispositions were favorable; but what are our judgments in such matters? Everyone is born with an array of handicaps—even Mozart, even Sophocles — and acquires new ones. The most valuable thing I inherited was a temperament that does not revolt against Necessity and that is constantly renewing in Hope. . . .

Up to the age of nine, Thornton lived a conventional childhood in Madison. But during the next decade the pattern of his life was erratic and unusual. In 1906 the elder Wilder was appointed by Theodore Roosevelt to be Consul General in Hong Kong. After six months in China, Mrs. Wilder brought her four children back to the United States to be educated, settling in Berkeley. During most of those years Wilder describes himself as having been "a sort of sleepwalker. I was not a dreamer, but a muser and a self-amuser and have never been without a whole repertory of absorbing hobbies, curiosities, inquiries, interests.



—*Pix.*

Thornton Wilder—"a muser."

Hence my head has always seemed to me to be like a brightly lighted room . . . filled with tables on which are set up the most engrossing games."

Though a better than average student, Wilder did not impress his teachers as outstanding; he achieved nothing noteworthy. Despite the great distance that separated them, the elder Wilder kept in close touch with the details of his children's accomplishments, and he was concerned about Thornton's practical competence all through the boy's adolescence. Robert Maynard Hutchins, Wilder's classmate both at Oberlin and at Yale, recalls championing one of Wilder's essays in the *Yale Literary Magazine* and provoking in the elder Wilder the terse rejoinder: "Carving olive pits. Carving olive pits."

After graduating from Yale in 1920 and following a year at The American Academy in Rome, Wilder somewhat allayed his father's misgivings by successfully functioning as a French master at Lawrenceville Academy. Four years later, aged twenty-eight, he took leave from teaching to enroll in the Princeton Graduate School, from which he emerged in 1926 with an M.A., one completed novel, and the half-completed draft of a second. The first novel, *The Cabala*, enjoyed a modest critical success, but neither Wilder nor anyone else was prepared for the popular acclaim that greeted *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* the following year, 1927. Within a few months Wilder was an international celebrity.

In the forty years since the publication of *The Bridge*, Wilder has produced novels and plays which, characterized by devotion to the writer's craft and to the artist's conscience, have substantially added to his reputation: *The Woman*

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of Andros (1930); *Heaven's My Destination* (1935); *The Ides of March* (1938); *The Eighth Day* (1967). For his preparation as a dramatist, Wilder wrote one-act plays, and he translated and adapted Ibsen and Obey for Broadway production. Then came his *Our Town* (1938), *The Skin of Our Teeth* (1942), *The Matchmaker* (1954), *The Alcestiad* (1955), and *Plays for Bleecker Street* (1962).

Wilder has served his country as cultural emissary in times of peace and as soldier in both world wars. He has been resident professor at Chicago, visiting professor at Harvard, and lecturer at European universities. From the great academic institutions, from Presidents of the United States and heads of states overseas he has been the deserving recipient of honors and awards.

Today, though the novelist-playwright is stouter and has lost some of the bristling bounce of his middle years, he retains the restless vitality that helps explain his infinite curiosity, his capacity for endless renewal. His voice has lost none of the earnest courtesy and considerateness so vividly recalled by those who have known him. And though he has long since forgone the company of other writers, having become more solitary, more *private* a person, Wilder retains his interest in experimentation, best exemplified in his celebrated explications of James Joyce and Gertrude Stein.

Once at a meeting of the Joyce Society Wilder, after a lengthy explication of a passage of *Finnegans Wake*, was asked by a woman if all the labor he'd expended was not a waste of time. Wilder blinked and then after a moment said, "Madame, do you play bridge?" When the woman readily admitted that she did, Wilder responded cheerfully, "Madame, between your way of wasting time and mine, allow me mine!"

What one recognizes beneath Wilder's genial exterior, within the essential being of the man and his work is the impulse, the peculiarly American capacity, to evoke and celebrate the meditative, the serene, the reverential sense of life. Never fully expressed in our national literature, it has been manifested in the achievements of social philosopher Bronson Alcott, painter Thomas Eakins, composer Charles Ives. It is that ultimately Vergilian pathos concerning itself with the tears of things that provides the thrust from which Wilder's latest work emerges. —ROBERT H. GOLDSTONE.

Richard H. Goldstone, of the City College of New York, has known Thornton Wilder since they both served as Air Force officers during World War II.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

St. Genet

I HOPE THAT EVERYONE who read Tom Driver's apotheosis of Genet's *Miracle of the Rose* [*SR*, Mar. 11] also read Marvin Kalb's review of *Babi Yar*, the Russian documentary novel about the Nazi massacre of 200,000 Ukrainians. In my opinion, man's "infinite ability to do harm to his fellow man, to allow his passions to rule supreme . . . ," which this novel illustrates, is perpetuated and encouraged by that attitude taken by Driver toward Genet. In his view, and Sartre's, Genet is a "saint." He says that "Genet's head is full of violence, but his heart contains the rose of peace." A rose that flourishes in such a garden is one that has been fertilized with the blood and bodies of suffering mortals. The Nazis, too, were "saintly" in this respect: their hearts were at peace as they went about their slaughter.

STEVE PRINCE.

Forest Grove, Ore.

I AM SEEING RED—and not that damned rose of a twisted mentality either, but out of sheer disgust to see words with a clear meaning shaped into purses to make sow ears listen and to shell out. This sentence is no more twisted than the filth your reviewer tries to make palatable.

And if this letter sounds angry—I am angry at these attempts by sensible people to lead us, the reading public, deeper into the literary morass of this decade.

ERUA POLLE.

Perkinsville, Vt.

I WORK AS A SECRETARY of Christian Education in a downtown church, and I have been a social worker, so I am not ignorant of deviation and a criminal mind. This is the first time I have ever heard this sad sickness called holy.

It is time to renew my subscription, but I will not do so. The author is delusioned [*sic*], the translator is guilty of extending the filth, the reviewer a poor example of a theologian, and sadly *my* magazine sanctioned all of them.

DORIS J. FALTER.

Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Belles-Lettres

THE THREE MOST BEAUTIFUL SENTENCES I've read for a long time came from Elia Kazan when interviewer Haskel Frankel asked Mr. Kazan [*SR*, Mar. 4] what he did with his 130 acres.

He answered: "I walk around, that's all. I keep out developments. I hold back progress." . . . Thank you, thank you, thank you.

MRS. JAY SCHOLTUS.

Eveleth, Minn.

BLESSINGS ON ELIA KAZAN for at least three deathless sentences. . . . Congratulations on such spirited resistance in Connecticut!

LOUISE TYLER WILLIAMS.

Snowden, Va.

M.D.s O.K.

MARGUERITE CLARK WAS SURE TAKEN IN by the latest medical pot-boiler when she treated *The Healers* as gospel truth [*SR*, Mar. 11]. In Ventura County we report abortionists to the district attorney and vote fee-splitters out of the medical society. Dr. Anonymous should set the wheels in motion to punish the bad apples in his area, instead of using them as examples to blacken the names of all physicians.

CHARLES REACH, M.D.

Oxnard, Calif.

CERTAINLY THERE ARE SKUNKS in the medical profession: there are skunks among the lawyers, clergymen, and teachers; businessmen, farmers, and tradesmen can be skunks. But the eradication of evils within a profession should be undertaken openly and with dignity, and not by the use of unsigned, cheap journalism. This busy, busy doctor could better have spent his time quietly working within his own ranks to correct those errors which he and all of us who have spent a lifetime in the profession know so painfully well to exist. Perhaps he would have some energy left over to say something good about his colleagues. Perhaps he would even have enough energy left, and courage, to sign his name.

JOHN MARTIN, M.D.

Clarinda, Iowa

AS THE DAUGHTER of a dedicated country doctor, now deceased, and as the mother of two sons who are doctors in smaller communities, I resent with all my being the castigation of the entire medical profession by this review.

MARJORIE L. HORNBERGER.

Mountain Home, Ark.

IT IS EASY TO UNDERSTAND why a nonavaricious Dr. Anonymous would write mendaciously, why a nonmendacious publisher would publish avariciously, and even how a medical writer might come to feel that the obliteration of the "town" by the "gown" was a cause noble enough to justify the maligning of an entire profession, but it isn't easy to understand why you chose to assist them.

ECK G. PRUD'HOMME, M.D.

Fort Worth, Tex.

Misquoted

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC of fanatics like Marion L. Stocker who fling words like "lies" around recklessly [*SR*, Letters to Book Review Editor, Mar. 11] that they do not bother to get their facts right. I did not write that "not a single country in Asia

(*Continued on page* 57)

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European Literary Scene

PARIS.

Here in the capital where Voltaire died I have been reflecting on his preoccupation in his philosophical tales with the unfathomable mysteries of cause and effect. For instance, were it not for the arrest of a Hungarian diplomat in Rome on charges of espionage just a few weeks ago, I should not be strolling along the Seine but along the Danube in Budapest. For the Hungarians predictably reacted by arresting an Italian cultural affairs officer, forcing a postponement of the Congress in Budapest of the International Association of Italian Studies, which I was about to attend as vice president. Still, Paris in April is not a bad place to temporize. The writers are all in town, and there's always browsing in the bookstores and on the quais.

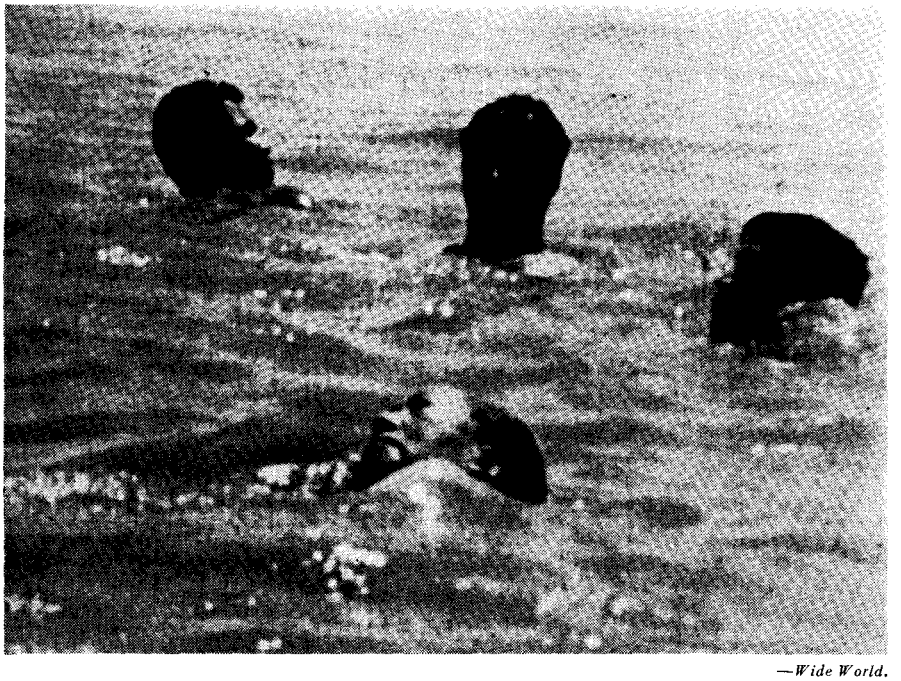
The surprise book of the season here is a volume of Mao Tse-tung's poetry published by Argillet. There are only twenty-one poems, but at least they are longer than those I've read by Ho Chi Minh. Salvador Dalí has contributed eight brilliant and lively copper-plate engravings. Two hundred and thirty-nine copies were run off, of which twenty, printed on rice paper, are being sent to Chairman Mao. Obviously, only a capitalist could purchase this handsome volume.

Mao's verses are more tolerable than his tiresome jottings in the crimson-bound breviary of the Red Guards. One is downright amusing, not so much for itself as for its associations; it is called "Swimming," and brings to mind that recent photomontage, widely circulated to counteract reports of the leader's ill-health, of Chairman Mao and his henchmen apparently swimming in the Yangtse River:

> Scarcely have I drunk the water of Thang-chee
> And eaten the fish of Wu-chang,
> I cross by swimming a great infinite river,
> Letting my eyes linger over the spacious sky of Chu.
> Without concern for the wind or the waves,
> Better than walking about my yard,
> Today I find myself on the loose.
> At the edge of the river the Master said,
> "All is like this water—everything passes on."

Certainly this is not the sort of poetry that sounds better in retranslation.

Heinemann has just published J. B. Priestley's *It's an Old Country* (Little, Brown will issue it in May), a latter-day *Bildungsroman* about a young Aussie searching England for a long-lost father. This theme allows Priestley to make a survey of what is happening in England's various towns and shires. He finds the new assaulting the old; the ugly modifying the beautiful; Americanization a constant and present danger ("The Bull at Dittersfield . . . was determinedly Olde Englyshe and full of horse brasses"). Of the many social types the Australian meets, a disturbing number (including his father) symbolize the decline of the British. Priestley, whose first novel appeared in 1927, continues to reveal himself as a romantic realist, consciously didactic and social. The *Times* reviewer is reminded of two disparate temperaments, Dickens and John Osborne. "Both these writers [Priestley and Osborne], tending to see contemporary history in terms of the decline of the music hall, are liable to launch into inverted rhapsodies, cursing the condition of England—as if by piling up picturesque examples of shoddy modernity or seedy antiques, a reasoned indictment might emerge." Tut, tut! Compare John Osborne with the man who wrote that masterpiece of non-angry British youth, *The Good Companions*?



—*Wide World.*

Mao Tse-tung and henchmen—"without concern for the wind or the waves."

Massimo Bontempelli (1878-1960) was, along with the scientist Volta, one of the famous sons of the scenic Como region. Little known in America, he was during the first decades of this century one of Italy's most popular novelists and dramatists, as well as an influence in literary circles. For a while he urged futurism on his contemporaries, a theory that unfortunately became sullied with the politics of the Fascist Filippo Marinetti. Bontempelli finally settled down to a style of his own, which he labeled "magic realism." During his last illness he worked over an *Idearium*, a dictionary of aphorisms and notes. Some items from this lexicon have just appeared in advance of publication. A few samples you might enjoy:

- When writing, don't think of those who will read you, but of those who will reread you.
- I grant that in the matter of esthetics it is necessary not to believe in Benedetto Croce. But it is absolutely indispensable to have believed in him.
- What's missing in superior people are superior faults. It is surprising to see that a great poet, when envious, is envious like the merest man; when greedy, greedy like an old maid. You will easily find other examples.
- The free man refuses equally to obey or command. But if forced to choose, the truly free man will prefer obeying to commanding.

This column has chronicled plays staged in Germany and Italy, based on the death of President Kennedy. Now it is Austria's turn. Vienna's Theater der Courage has on its April schedule a work by the dramatist Georg Orgel

(*Continued on page* 58)

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Behind the Screens at CBS

Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control, *by Fred W. Friendly (Random House. 325 pp. $6.95), candidly recapitulates the years that preceded the author's resignation from Columbia Broadcasting System, the immediate cause of which was the substitution of a commercial program for the Senate Foreign Relations hearings on Vietnam that he had scheduled over CBS News. Robert J. Landry, former radio editor of Variety and now its managing editor, is himself an alumnus of the network. His profile of Edward R. Murrow was published by Scribner's in 1938.*

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

WRITING out of the experience and insight of sixteen years with the Columbia Broadcasting System, the last two as president of CBS News Division, Fred W. Friendly now gives a lively account of what, as he sees it, led to his resignation. Though subjective, Friendly is trying valiantly to be objective, and he succeeds fairly well in riding both horses. If this is a feat of showmanship, he *is*, after all, a showman—of news programs, of documentaries on public issues, of Congressional committee hearings. His book, which, regrettably, lacks an index, gains much force not alone from candor but from concise, short-sentence, microphone-style prose.

If there is an aura here of jilted lover it but makes the reader enjoy the romance the more. And this is a romance, first about Friendly's avowed idol and longtime producing partner, the late Edward R. Murrow and, second, about the separate starlit career of the author. Both were convinced that at any network, and especially at CBS, there is no department like the news department—hardly a consensus position.

The book makes evident that Murrow and Friendly, whose wartime work was quite different, combined forces in sincere dedication to the thesis that their kinds of programs and the good name of CBS were entwined. There was a good deal of truth, if a degree of arrogance, in this reading.

When he went to England in 1937, Murrow was an unknown though imposing young academician-turned-broadcaster. He returned to New York in 1946 a world celebrity. His prestige was without parallel. Immediately made a vice president of a separate, theretofore nonexistent public affairs programming division (entertainment programs were the bailiwick of Davidson Taylor), Murrow was quickly disenchanted with administration and resumed work as an active participant in TV specials of his own fashioning.

Almost from the moment of Murrow's return from London—where he had become the chum of prime ministers and field marshals, and the society guide of William S. Paley, a mere colonel then on Eisenhower's staff—Frank Stanton and Murrow were chemically antagonistic. The point to remember perhaps is that Stanton was every bit as self-made a man as Murrow and that he had run CBS beautifully while Paley was in uniform.

Friendly lists the citations for the Murrow specials, many of them grouped under *See It Now,* of which by far the most famous was the "exposé" of Senator Joseph McCarthy on March 9, 1954, an act of real bravery in an age of craven cowards. There is no doubt as to the record of the Murrow-Friendly partnership. It had many a scintillating high. But it was in constant collision with the business thinking of the network. What the two men frequently sought, and the company resisted, was the preemption of contracted commercial time for their specials. More and more it became a battle of "our integrity" against "your integrity"—with President Frank Stanton and, to a lesser degree, Chairman William S. Paley taking the brunt of the charges that commercial motivations swayed time decisions. As when had it not?

In any event, the key episode in the Stanton-Murrow feud was the former's citation, following the quiz scandals, of Murrow's *Person to Person* as an example of shows that endeavored to give the illusion that they were spontaneous when in fact they were rehearsed. "Dr. Stanton," Murrow blurted out publicly, "has finally revealed his ignorance of both news and of the requirements of television production." With considerable justification, Murrow and Friendly resented being included with the gimmicked quizzes, which were no part of their ménage. But once Murrow had slapped Stanton's face, a showdown was inevitable—though that took a while. It was not Stanton who had to get out.

Much of this made news. But some

—*Steve Shapiro.*

Fred W. Friendly—"the heavies emerge as fascinating characters."

that was only whispered is now openly aired in Mr. Friendly's book. Reading it gives one a sense of eavesdropping on dialogue inside a closed environment. For part of the lip-smacking implicit in *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control* lies in the fact that CBS is, for outside reporters, sealed. One of them recently quipped that CBS's corporate secrecy and fondness for communication only by handout is Kremlinesque. Hence there will be many avid readers of the Friendly memoir.

Now a consultant to the Ford Foundation and Columbia University, he may have written the most provocative volume to date about broadcasting, with the greatest thrust of reality—which does not mean it is the most lurid, other books having staked out that distinction, among them the gaggle of novels purporting to describe sexual hanky-panky in the hiring halls.

It is Friendly's frankness that makes the whole text seem persuasive. Some will complain that he is an artful arranger of the record, that he explains his adversaries rather too cleverly. If so, all artists strive for artistry, and Friendly is an artist. At one point he concedes, "That Murrow and I were difficult to handle was another factor. It is true that we might have worked more diligently at getting along with management." To which Stanton might retort, "Now he confesses!" On the final page Friendly reluctantly grants that he is "emotional." The thought is presented as an astonishment but the astonishment is his alone.

Of the countermaneuver of management, which obviously contemplated the possibility of his resignation, Friendly remarks, "The group vice president's role had been created as a buffer so that Paley and Stanton could avoid the embarrassment of having to say no to CBS News on matters of news judgment." Very possibly, but allowance must be made for sheer executive fatigue. Paley (at sixty-four) and Stanton (at fifty-eight) plainly wanted to shield their time and stamina from the punishment

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of the constant challenges and complaints. In the end this is what happens anywhere to the rambunctious subordinate.

Whether—as McGeorge Bundy and Friendly now hope—the communication satellite can ultimately eliminate the tyranny of costly long lines and popularity ratings remains to be seen. It is a nice happy ending for Friendly that he landed with the Ford Foundation and can keep after the dragons. However, skeptics may recall earlier heady promises of reform in broadcasting that only produced more of the same.

Meanwhile, as often proves true in the movies, the heavies emerge as fascinating characters. Both Paley and Stanton have always chosen to limit themselves to flash appearances on occasions of splendor, preferably in cap and gown. It is rare that anyone has been in a position to put their living, adrenaline-exciting bodies into focus. One need go no further than the pages of this immensely intriguing volume to know what great stories Paley and Stanton could unfold, for they have often given house room to boy geniuses and lived to entertain second thoughts.

The Walls Have Eyes and Ears

The Intruders: The Invasion of Privacy by Government and Industry, *by Edward V. Long (Praeger. 230 pp. $5.95), attacks the use of electronic and other snooping devices. James J. Kilpatrick is editor of The Richmond (Virginia) News Leader.*

By JAMES J. KILPATRICK

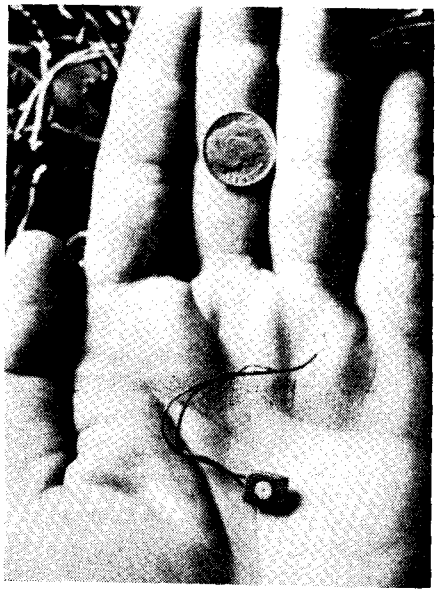
CALIFORNIA, in 1862, enacted the country's first law against wiretapping. From that day to this, courts, lawmaking bodies, state and federal agencies, and law enforcement officials have wrestled with a legal and moral issue that goes beyond the punishment of Peeping Toms: Under what circumstances can the techniques of eavesdropping be justified in the detection and prosecution of crime? In all circumstances? In some? In none at all?

In one form or another, the Supreme Court has grappled with the question through a series of Fourth Amendment cases. Every law student knows them —Boyd, Weeks, Gouled, the key Olmstead cases of 1927, the two Nardone cases, Weiss, Goldstein, Rathbun, Benanti, Goldman, On Lee, Irvine, Silverman, Lopez, Massiah—the list could be much extended. As recently as December 13, 1966, in disposing of Jimmy Hoffa and his friends, the high court struggled with the issue anew. The Department of Justice, wriggling with embarrassment, even now is sniffing at some of its cases like a housewife sniffing at last Saturday's steak. Is the evidence tainted? How badly?

Yet the difficulty is not merely one of law. Courts that are capable of measuring the prudence of a "prudent man" ought not to be floored by the problem of deciding, under the Fourth Amendment, whether a particular search is "unreasonable." But moral questions intrude. The word "ignoble" recurs. When a conviction is obtained by wiretap evidence, said Mr. Justice Holmes, "we have to choose—and for my part, I think it a less evil that some criminal should escape than that the government should play an ignoble part."

Mr. Justice Douglas, three months ago, could not tolerate various schemes by which federal agents were planted in a suspect's hotel room or office; such practices, he said, are ignoble; they are at war with the Constitutional standards of privacy that are part of our choicest traditions. They amount to "dirty business." Douglas would bar them altogether on the flat conviction that reprehensible means can never be justified even for a socially desirable end.

Missouri's Senator Edward V. Long struggles earnestly with these issues in *The Intruders,* but in the end he goes out by the same door he came in. He finds no wholly satisfactory answers. As chairman of a Senate subcommittee which has labored to compile testimony on electronic surveillance devices, the Missourian is an acknowledged expert in the field. He is keenly aware of the dangers to personal privacy that arise from the ingenious bugs, taps, and recording devices so widely available.



—*From the book.*

A dime-size mike—no satisfactory answers.

These dangers are quite real, and they ought not to be minimized. Long's committee developed evidence that telephones are tapped in at least one out of every three contested divorce cases. Manufacturers of electronic equipment do a multimillion-dollar business selling gadgets both to individual voyeurs and to industrial firms bent upon commercial espionage. Yet this detestable snooping is greatly surpassed by the government's own pervasive surveillance. Long angrily sketches the ominous outlines—mail covers, peepholes in the Post Office, two-way mirrors in a tax collector's office, telephones tapped by police with only the flimsiest authorization by a magistrate and often with no authorization at all. He touches on but does not deal adequately with the monstrous threat to privacy that is embodied in the proposed "National Data Center," a marvel of Orwellian technology capable of producing a print-out of a citizen's whole life at the press of a bureaucratic button.

Long warns that the situation will get worse. Americans are mostly sheep anyway, and they yield constantly to the view that government is their shepherd. Thus they submit docilely to the impertinences of the United States Census; they unburden themselves in their tax returns; they fill out any official form that is thrust before them, even when it inquires into their sex lives and their drinking habits. Moreover, with increasing urbanization government's role will inevitably expand. Long quite rightly fears that the citizen's right to be let alone, which Brandeis defined as "the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men," is certain to be progessively diminished. We are living, he says, "in the age of the dossier."

Mr. Justice Douglas said these same things—and said them more eloquently than the Senator—in his recent dissenting opinion in *Osborn vs. United States.* Osborn was the Nashville lawyer convicted of attempting to bribe a juror in the Hoffa trials. The principal evidence against him was a wire recording surreptitiously obtained by one Robert D. Vick, a government informant. As it happened, two federal judges had given advance authorization for Vick to be equipped with the concealed recorder. This was immaterial to Douglas.

With judicial sanction of such electronic surveillance, he wrote, "we face the stark reality that the walls of privacy

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have broken down and all the tools of the police state are handed over to our bureaucracy on a Constitutional platter." For his own part, Douglas would bar the use "of all testimonial evidence obtained by wiretapping or by an electronic device." He summed up with this impassioned paragraph:

> Such practices can only have a damaging effect on our society. Once sanctioned, there is every indication that their use will indiscriminately spread. The time may come when no one can be sure whether his words are being recorded for use at some future time; when everyone will fear that his most secret thoughts are no longer his own, but belong to the government; when the most confidential and intimate conversations are always open to eager, prying ears. When that time comes, privacy, and with it liberty, will be gone. If a man's privacy can be invaded at will, who can say he is free? If his every word is taken down and evaluated, or if he is afraid they may be, who can say he enjoys freedom of speech? If his every association is known and recorded, if the conversations with his associates are purloined, who can say he enjoys freedom of association? When such conditions obtain, our citizens will be afraid to utter any but the safest and most orthodox thoughts; afraid to associate with any but the most acceptable people. Freedom as the Constitution envisages it will have vanished.

Seven of Douglas's colleagues, including such certified liberals as Warren, Brennan, Black, and Fortas, regarded these words as so much hyperbole. Chief Justice Warren wrote a separate concurring opinion, saying that he could see nothing wrong with the use of a concealed recorder under the peculiar circumstances of the Osborn case. He did not mean to say that unbridled use of electronic recording equipment is to be permitted in searching out crime. He did not intend to lend judicial sanction "to wiretapping, electronic 'bugging,' or any of the other questionable spying practices that are used to invade privacy and that appear to be increasingly prevalent in our country today." Nevertheless, he recognized that there are some situations in which the law cannot adequately be enforced without the employment of some guile. Officers cannot be expected to work only in badge and uniform, he suggested. It blinks at the realities of modern criminal activity and legitimate law enforcement practices to argue the contrary.

And there, precisely in these realities, is the hard nut of the problem that perplexes Senator Long and puzzles the courts. As the recent report of the President's Crime Commission made clear, organized crime is a fantastically sophisticated operation. If it is to be combatted effectively, law enforcement officers must wage war with something more than billy clubs and blue serge suits. Granted that lovers of Constitutional freedoms must be alert to the rights of the loan shark and the dope peddler, what of the rights of their pitiful victims? How are these to be protected? If electronic devices can trap a saboteur, who is to say that freedom is the worse for their use? The Fourth Amendment is a free man's greatest bulwark against the encompassing state; but do we not make it a mockery when we permit it to be a shield for the kidnapper, the extortioner, the spy?

Long's own recommendations take a middle ground. He would absolutely prohibit all private wiretapping. As a general proposition, he would permit wiretapping by law enforcement officers only upon court order, and only with the consent of one party to the conversations. He would make certain exceptions in kidnapping cases. He would permit the President to order tapping "in national security cases involving a clear danger," but he would not permit evidence so obtained to be used in court. He would apply generally the same rules to "bugs" and other electronic devices. He would make it unlawful to advertise or to promote miniature recorders and transmitters "for purposes of private spying and snooping." He would set up a Code of Conduct for federal investigators, and he would urge each state to enact laws establishing "a comprehensive and actionable right of privacy, including punitive damages for any abuses of this right."

The strict constructionist, applauding the Senator's aims, would accept most of his package. But some of us would urge that in *every* case in which law enforcement officers make use of wiretaps or electronic equipment, prior judicial approval must be obtained under the same strict ground rules that apply to search warrants. This is not a perfect answer—a permit for a one-month telephone tap is a far different matter from a warrant authorizing the one-shot search of particular premises for a particular thing—but it may be the best that can be devised. No safeguards will amount to much, however, unless the American citizen awakens to the infinite ways in which his privacy is being invaded, and rises full of wrath to preserve the little that now remains.

The High Cost of Lighting

***Overcharge,** by Lee Metcalf and Vic Reinemer (McKay. 338 pp. $5.95), exposes the iniquities of the "investor-owned" electric utility companies. Fred J. Cook's latest book, "The Plot Against the Patient," will be published this month.*

By FRED J. COOK

IF AMERICANS were a less placid people, if they had been less thoroughly brainwashed, if these were times of ferment like the 1930s, *Overcharge* could almost be guaranteed to cause a cry of outrage and precipitate a Congressional investigation of the electric utility industry like the one that sent Samuel Insull fleeing to Europe. But these times are not those; Madison Avenue has wrapped the American flag around the utility monopolists, and Congress has become more the creature of pressure groups than the custodian of the public welfare.

In such an atmosphere even this excellent and long-needed exposé by Senator Lee Metcalf of Montana and his executive secretary, Vic Reinemer, is not likely to produce any dramatic result. But it is at least encouraging that a window has been opened and some light shed on the inequities and iniquities of the electric utilities, the nation's largest single business. The book's message should strike home to every American consumer who has to buy electric power from the so-called investor-owned utilities (IOUs), for this average American is being gypped every month of the year in the bills he pays—and he is being made to pay for his own brainwashing so that he won't even realize he is being gypped.

Statistics tell the story. In Boston, 500 kilowatt-hours purchased from Boston Edison cost $13.41; in Seattle, the same amount of current bought from Seattle City Light costs $5. In Boston, state and local taxes on a $10,000 house come to $1,050 a year; in Seattle, to only $513, because Seattle's city-owned electric plant, despite its far lower rates, pumps millions of dollars into the city treasury. In 1960 Woodstock, Illinois, sold its municipal plant to Commonwealth Edison. Afterwards it collected just $627 a year in taxes from the utility, compared to the $80,000 the municipal plant had been contributing annually to city revenues. Street lighting was cut. And electric rates to the consumers rose.

Such experiences illustrate the price the public pays whenever monopoly is solidified. Senator Metcalf emphasizes

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that the utility business is not just a normal, free-enterprise, "risk" business. It is, on the contrary, a cost-plus business, its expenses guaranteed and its rates supposedly fixed by regulatory bodies to give it a fair 6 per cent return. Failure is unheard-of because the enterprise is guaranteed against it. Tragically, however, most regulatory bodies are understaffed and impotent; and, whenever there is no nearby publicly-owned utility functioning as a yardstick, the rates of the monopoly climb. They climb to such an extent that the thirty-four largest power companies, accounting for two-thirds of the profits of the industry, showed an average net profit of 16¢ on every dollar of revenue in 1964. And for some it was as much as 25¢.

This utility gravy train, as the authors make clear, has nourished some of the most vicious propaganda in modern America. For decades the industry has cloaked itself in the flag, and in massive advertising campaigns it has envisioned Communism and Socialism as pervasive menaces threatening "the American way." The authors call this "Madison Avenue McCarthyism," and they emphasize that literally millions of dollars have been poured into propaganda campaigns which underwrite the paranoid views of the John Birch Society and its ideological brethren. The ties are nakedly obvious. The authors write: "A spot survey in 1964, by no means complete, showed about eighty instances in which top officials of approximately fifty power companies also served as officials of about a dozen extremist groups."

What are these groups like? A good example is the Foundation for Economic Education, founded in 1946 and bankrolled in its first three years by more than a million dollars in contributions from forty-six corporations and tax-exempt foundations. In 1964, Internal Revenue reports showed, thirty-one power companies across the nation were still contributing handsomely to FEE. The philosophy that so endears the Foundation to the industry is regularly on display in *The Freeman*, its monthly magazine. "Recent *Freeman* articles," Metcalf and Reinemer write, "call for the repeal of the income tax, U.S. withdrawal from the United Nations, abolition of public post offices, public education, public roads and public power, and getting the government out of all businesses, even its own." Government, according to FEE, should have just two purposes: to police the home front and to keep peace abroad. It is such views, as simplistic and irrational as those of the anarchists at the turn of the century, that the power industry is underwriting; such propaganda that it is helping to spread through the tactic of getting FEE literature into literally

(*Continued on page* 57)

The Gate of God

Judaism and the Christian Predicament, *by Ben Zion Bokser (Knopf. 384 pp. $6.95), discusses three areas of disagreement in the contemporary interfaith dialogue. Albert H. Friedlander teaches intellectual history at the Leo Baeck College in London.*

By ALBERT H. FRIEDLANDER

THERE is a certain stridency in the current Christian-Jewish dialogue that indicates the strain to which contemporary religion finds itself subjected. Rabbi Bokser's latest book is one more example of the dangers inherent in a field where apologetics tends more and more to become polemics.

The "Christian predicament," as Dr. Bokser sees it, rests on its insistence that the roots of its legitimacy are in Judaism. Since Judaism challenges this interpretation, the Christian self-image is affronted and frustrated to the point where the Jew is viewed and treated as an evil enemy, and the Jewish heritage is torn out of its historical frame and rewritten to restore peace of mind to the Christian. But in the contemporary climate Jewish-Christian differences can at least be discussed; and Rabbi Bokser notes that there are three areas of disagreement which need elucidation: the nature of Jewish Scriptures, the nature of the rabbinic tradition, and the nature of the Christian experience.

The author's previous works have displayed his competence in the Jewish field. And in the delineation of the nature of Hebrew Scripture and rabbinic tradition Rabbi Bokser is at his best. Warmth and informed scholarship give a clear picture of Jewish tradition and refute Christian misconceptions that have persisted over the centuries. The uniqueness of the Biblical religion, the moral greatness of the Pharisees, and other disputed topics are well presented.

Unfortunately, when it explores the Christian experience the book falters. Modern criticism has placed Jesus and the Gospels far more in the rabbinic oral tradition than Bokser realizes; he still battles a nineteenth-century scholarship long since superseded. Some of these old notions do persist among Christian Fundamentalists, but that community is impervious to modern scholarship; and Bokser's re-creation of New Testament history can only address itself to Christian scholars who have largely abandoned the quest for the historical Jesus. Bokser would like the liberal Christian theologian to define Christianity; but the self-definition of contemporary Christianity cannot ignore radical theology or the new traditionalism.

BOKSER's call for religious coexistence in a pluralistic society can only be welcomed, particularly when it is put in Martin Buber's terms: "The gate of God is open to all." That gate is righteous action. Dr. Bokser is thus justified in demanding repentance from a Church gone astray; more, he can teach it that private passions and prejudices have obscured its true Hebraic heritage—the Hebrew Scriptures have been more misused than used by Christianity. But he cannot force the daughter religion into the Jewish structure. The fact remains that Christianity has left the old path and must be permitted to find its own way to the gate of righteous action. Coexistence implies both dialogue and the integrity of each faith's vision.

"Donald roared himself out in the Twenties."

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Collections

AN ALASKAN READER. Edited by Senator Ernest Gruening. Meredith. $8.95.

SELECTED WRITINGS BY CHARLES OLSON. Edited by Robert Creeley. New Directions. Hardbound, $7.95. Paperback, $2.45.

Crime, Suspense

THE CASE OF THE GOOD EMPLOYER. By Christopher Bush. Macmillan. $3.95.

THE DAMSEL. By Richard Stark. Macmillan. $3.95.

A MOST PRIVATE INTRIGUE. By Leo Rosten. Atheneum. $5.95.

SALLY. By E. V. Cunningham. Morrow. $4.50.

Current Affairs

CONTROLLING POLLUTION: The Economics of a Cleaner America. Edited by Marshall I. Goldman. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

EDUCATION AND THE QUEST FOR MODERNITY IN TURKEY. By Andreas M. Kazamias. Univ. of Chicago Press. $6.

LETTERS FROM VIETNAM. Edited by Bill Adler. Dutton. $3.95.

THE MEANING OF LIMITED WAR. By Robert McClintock. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

PATTERNS OF AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT: Five Comparisons. Edited by Herbert J. Spiro. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

TOMORROW'S NEWS: A Primer for Prophets. By R. L. Duffus. Norton. $4.50.

TOWARDS A PAX AFRICANA: A Study of Ideology and Ambition. By Ali A. Mazrui. Univ. of Chicago Press. $5.95.

Essays

BETWEEN KNOWING AND BELIEVING. By Pierre Lecomte du Noüy. McKay. $6.50.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM. By Graham Hough. Norton. $4.50.

Economics

DISARMAMENT AND WORLD ECONOMIC INTERDEPENDENCE. Edited by Emile Benoit. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.

PROFILE OF THE U.S. ECONOMY: A Survey of Growth and Change. By Emma S. Woytinsky. Praeger. $12.50.

ESP

ESP IN LIFE AND LAB: Tracing Hidden Channels. By Louisa E. Rhine. Macmillan. $5.95.

THE WORLD OF TED SERIOS: "Thoughtographic" Studies of an Extraordinary Mind. By Jule Eisenbud, M.D. Morrow. $6.50.

Fiction

AFTER THE WAR. By Daniel Stern. Putnam. $5.95.

BRIDGES AND BARS. By Rolf Schneider. Viking. $4.95.

THE BUCKSTONES. By Paul I. Wellman. Trident. $5.95.

CECILY. By Isabelle Holland. Lippincott. $3.95.

THE FISH CAN SING. By Halldor Laxness. Crowell. $5.95.

JUSTICE HUNGER: A Short Novel and Nine Stories. By Meyer Liben. Dial. $4.50.

LOVE IS NOT A SAFE COUNTRY. By Paige Mitchell. Dutton. $4.95.

MY BOY JOHN THAT WENT TO SEA. By James Vance Marshall. Morrow. $3.95.

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—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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Probing a Dark Heart

The Outcasts, *by Stephen Becker (Atheneum. 240 pp. $4.95), depicts a professional worrier who is attempting to build both literal and metaphoric bridges. Hassell A. Simpson teaches courses in the novel at Hampden Sydney College in Virginia.*

By HASSELL A. SIMPSON

CAN A middle-aging, sexually inadequate American engineer of vaguely liberal sentiments find fulfillment building a bridge in Africa? Yes, up to a point, according to Stephen Becker's fifth novel; the point at which the hero contracts syphilis and discovers that his completed bridge is the means by which a backward but happy tribe will be dragged into the twentieth century.

Bernard Morrison is the sort of professional worrier who loves to take on other people's troubles. His own two unsuccessful marriages are not enough tribulation for him; he also worries about such things as the fate of "the Senecas and the redwoods." Unlovely himself, he wishes for love, but has found no way to bridge the chasm between himself and others. The assignment to design and build his first literal bridge takes him outside himself as well as outside his own country. For the first time he must acknowledge other people as persons, not as abstractions in a generalized humanitarian code.

Morrison's convictions evidently derive from magazines and newspapers, "garbage" though he calls them. At any rate, he acknowledges no other spiritual or intellectual antecedents, claims he hasn't read a book since *Little Women,* and is pathetically humble before the broad learning and precise British diction of his black lieutenant on the job.

There's the rub: Mr. Becker's characters do not always add up in motive or in speech. For a nonreader of humble origin and pedestrian tastes, Morrison speaks and thinks in a strikingly literary language: "And in what chapel of silver and napery, he wondered, from what ambassadorial plate, is Devoe lunching on this sunny day? I must write him." Plainly, this is Stephen Becker talking, not "Moe" Morrison.

Yet Stephen Becker's talk is often brilliant. It may not suit his speakers, but it shimmers with wit and understanding. When the novelist captures the rhythms of casual speech in one of his set-piece confrontations, or when he nets a fragile butterfly of private fantasy, the dazzled reader can only wish that Mr. Becker were a playwright or a poet: "The [customs] shed was musty, hot, barny, as though nests of hay were lodged in shadowed corners, or stolid bullocks ruminating old baggage checks." Such linguistic flights seem more appropriate to drawing-room comedy than to the dusty reality of a construction job; they rest uneasily in the mind of a homely engineer.

Like the situation, moreover, the theme is grounded in gritty truths. Building literal or emotional bridges is an enterprise of deadly danger. "You are a fool," says Philips, his second-in-command, to Morrison, who regrets that army tanks are the first vehicles to cross his bridge. "Every time you use a telephone . . . or push a button anywhere, you are profiting by the death of men. . . . I am telling you that you live by technology, and you care not a damn for the men who died [to perfect it]." The tank-squadron commander puts it even more bluntly: "And I tell you further that it cannot matter to you what is done here. All that matters is that *we* do it."

Braced by these axioms, and soothed with penicillin for himself and civilized blessings for his pet tribe, Morrison starts home on his real journey of self-discovery. No longer for him the easy satisfactions of conquering frontiers and building more bridges and admiring simple tribesmen in dark Africa; most likely, now that he has started, he will continue to probe the boundaries of that darker heart within him. Having learned not to patronize people in dark skins, he has begun to learn not to patronize himself.

The Widow

By Miller Williams

THE Hammond Organ lubricates the air.
The kind mortician conducts her to her place
of honor. A man with a painted puppet's face
they say is her husband's face is obviously there

in front of her. She would have the casket
closed, but his sister would not. The minister cries
how gloriously the man is dead who lies
before him daily with a face like plastic,

prays that God who took him out of order
will keep his soul from torment, will adorn him
with a crown of stars, will be with those that mourn him.
This is not hard, she thinks, it will be harder.

The wail of the Hammond weakens, her mind goes black,
turning quickly out of the moment meanders
on curious ways. She looks at his nose. She wonders
if they went and slit the good blue suit in the back

and if his shoes are tied, if he has on
the socks they didn't ask for but she sent,
if they still use pennies, decides of course they don't,
hopes they will have their fill and be done with him soon.

It would not be fair to say she is not grieving.
She did not want to come, but she is aware
there will be silence, there will be days to bear
in silence, and nights silent beyond believing.

She did not want to come. She will not be hurried
to tears. But she is aware some moment will crush
the heart suddenly, that she will go home and wish
the children were rioting there, who are grown and married.

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Heir to the "Overcoat"

The Dragon: Fifteen Stories, *by Yevgeny Zamyatin, translated from the Russian by Mirra Ginsburg (Random House. 291 pp. $5.95), offers representative works by a dissenting Soviet writer who in many ways continued the tradition of Gogol and Dostoevsky. Ivar Spector is a member of the Far Eastern and Russian Institute, University of Washington.*

By IVAR SPECTOR

"THE WORLD is alive only through heretics," claimed Yevgeny Zamyatin (1884-1937), a one-time anti-czarist heretic turned anti-Soviet heretic, whose total literary output comprised two novels, four plays, and numerous short stories. Zamyatin, who was called "the devil of Soviet literature," was one of the first writers to be hounded and persecuted by Party critics for unauthorized publication of his works abroad.

The Dragon includes representative stories published from 1913 to 1935, most of which have not appeared elsewhere in English. To keynote the entire collection, Mirra Ginsburg has chosen a brief, impressionistic vignette, "The Dragon"—Zamyatin's definition of the Bolshevik Revolution as a deadly, destructive force that transforms man into beast. These stories not only reveal Zamyatin as a master of the "knout" of irony, sarcasm, and satire, but as a meticulous craftsman, a writer of sophisticated, stylized, rhythmical prose such as might be expected from one who claimed that "literature is painting, architecture, and music." Miss Ginsburg is to be commended for her English rendering, especially of passages in "A Provincial Tale" (*Uyezdnoe*, 1913)—a satire on the vegetable way of life in a prerevolutionary Russian town—which abounds in regional idioms and colloquialisms.

The prerequisite to a real appreciation of Zamyatin's talent and contribution to Russian literature and to *belles-lettres* in general is a careful perusal of the works of Gogol and Dostoevsky. The latter's well-known comment, "We have all come out of Gogol's 'Overcoat,'" applies equally to Zamyatin. His stories are in many respects a continuation and at times an emulation of the works of Gogol and Dostoevsky.

As with Gogol's "The Revizor," many of Zamyatin's stories contain not a single redeeming character. His emphasis on the seamy side of Russian and Soviet life may have stemmed from his belief that "true literature can exist only where it is produced by madmen, hermits, heretics, visionaries, rebels, and skeptics"—in other words, by conscious or unconscious nonconformists. Although dissenters and nonconformists are indispensable to society and to literature, there is danger to both when extremists take control of the state and the arts.

Zamyatin's fame rests primarily on *We* (1920), which described the totalitarian, mechanized, dehumanized "Single State" he saw emerging from Bolshevik regimentation. This novel, widely circulated among Soviet writers in manuscript but never published in the USSR, was tantamount to a declaration of independence from Soviet censorship. The Serapion Brothers (including Fedin, V. Ivanov, Nikitin, Tikhonov, Kaverin, and Zoshchenko), all of whom opposed the concept of the "artist in uniform" and advocated stylistic experiment, were guided by the ideas expressed in this novel. Another version of the theme is to be found in "Comrade Churygin Has the Floor" (1927), Zamyatin's vivid portrait of madmen, heretics, and rebels who had seized control of local government and institutions and whose ignorance of events beggared description.

From a literary point of view "The Flood" (1929) is the best story in this collection. Here Sofya murders her husband's mistress, Ganka, with an axe, buries the victim, and confesses the crime. In "The Healing of the Novice Erasmus," Erasmus recalls Alyosha in *The Brothers Karamazov*. The Blessed Elder, Pamva, counsels Erasmus "to learn the fourth and last mystery" (marriage). The story "X" (1926), depicting the persecution of Orthodox priests in the 1920s, concludes with the dictum of the new rulers: "Never trust priests, even when they supposedly repent."

Zamyatin's role as an "innovator" appears of late to have been inflated by admiring critics. He did influence and inspire other contemporary writers both inside and outside Russia, including Aldous Huxley and George Orwell. As a true heir of the czarist literary tradition, however, this "internal émigré" stood up for his convictions with rare courage, integrity, and dignity, as revealed in his "Letter to Stalin" (June 1931), requesting permission to live abroad until such time "as it becomes possible in our country to serve great ideas in literature without cringing before little men. . . ."

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Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

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1. *The Aspern Papers*
2. *Cyrano de Bergerac*
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4. *Macbeth*
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6. *The Return of the Native*
7. *A Tale of Two Cities*
8. *Twelfth Night*

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Love, Just a War Ago

More Lives Than One, *by Charles Bracelen Flood (Houghton Mifflin. 306 pp. $4.95), updates the Enoch Arden theme to the Korean War. Herbert Mitgang, a journalist and critic who has been in Vietnam, is the author of the novel "The Return."*

By HERBERT MITGANG

MORE than a century separates Charles Bracelen Flood's *More Lives Than One* and Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* (1864). The epic of the wandering sailor or soldier who returns home to find marital complications has been with us since the Greeks had a word for it. To this familiar theme Mr. Flood adds the twists and turncoats of the Korean War, weaving together a love story and a war story.

What all this adds up to—especially reading about the Korean War from a fresh angle while the United States is deeply involved in another Asian war—I am not sure, except this: there is a nagging feeling that something (Vietnam) is missing, or, at least, being evaded. The link between the two wars is remote.

But, for the moment, take the novel on its own terms. The protagonist, a college student, is called into service and almost instantly finds himself in a hole in the ground on the Korean Peninsula. The guns blaze, and the Chinese, sometimes referred to here as "the Chinks," overwhelm the riflemen's position. The ex-student and his friends are captured. In the course of imprisonment and attempted brainwashing, the usual lectures are heard about the failings of the American imperialists and the glories of Chinese Socialism. Some of the dialogue between the clever Chinese and the ex-Harvard student comes over like a translation from Mao Tse-tung by Charlie Chan.

Meanwhile, at the Cambridge Common, the faithful fiancée is waiting, frequently in the company of the prisoner's brother. By a plot twist, dogtags are mixed up and the prisoner is presumed dead. By another plot twist, he is not allowed to write home to family and fiancée to say that he's alive. The consoling brother and the pining fiancée, after a suitable period of elapsed story time, are married. The author has been leading up to this by various telegraphic signals, and the reader does desire to pursue the story to its conclusion in order to see what sort of Domestic Relations Court decision will be rendered by the author.

More Lives Than One is unsatisfying on two counts. Although Mr. Flood, the author of *Love Is a Bridge* and other novels, knows how to construct a readable story, he has not figured out how to resolve his Enoch Arden tale. (When one is treading in the footsteps of literary giants, merely changing locale and updating will not do.) More seriously, Mr. Flood sheds no new light in terms of character or incident on the Korean War. Admittedly, that war has not smiled kindly on the American novelist. Fiction about Vietnam, a war with a complex and dubious morality, has fared even worse so far; it is either farfetched or rah-rah. A note says that when *More Lives Than One* went to press, the author was in Southeast Asia working on a nonfiction book about the United States Air Force. There is plenty of reporting room there, but the time may not yet be ripe for the truths of fiction about Vietnam. (Graham Greene was prescient enough in *The Quiet American,* a novel that does not suffer from lack of credibility when reread today.) But why not Korea?

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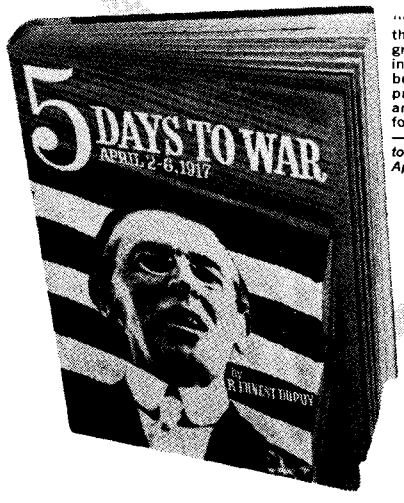

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Chicago's FM War

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS the Chicago FM station WFMT has been synonymous with quality, maturity, and lively good taste. The station produces the nationally syndicated Chicago Symphony Orchestra broadcasts and was instrumental in starting U.S. syndication of world music festivals; it helped assure the live birth of such varied Chicago institutions as the Lyric Opera and the Second City Players (whose Mike Nichols once was a WFMT announcer); and it not only is the most profitable FM station in the nation (its 1966 gross revenue was some $650,000) but also was the first FM outlet to win a Peabody Award (1962) and the first to win two Alfred I. duPont Awards (1957 and 1962). Some of its programs—including a Saturday night pastiche of folk music, satire, and show tunes called *The Midnight Special* — attract more adult listeners than do any competing Chicago AM programs and fully deserve rebroadcast elsewhere.

Last winter, however, an unexpected challenger stepped forth to contest WFMT's long-unrivaled reign: WEFM, which is owned by Zenith Radio Corporation. Advertised as the nation's oldest FM station (the late Commander Eugene McDonald of Zenith established it a quarter-century ago in his crusade to help promote FM), WEFM had restricted its programing to classical and semi-classical music, uninterrupted except for station breaks and Zenith institutional advertising. Now, lured by the profit potential that the colorful McDonald had foreseen for FM, WEFM intended to capitalize on its well-established audience position—second only to WFMT in many time periods—by giving its programing a facelift and selling advertising.

As its first move Zenith employed as manager a recently retired broadcasting pioneer, Jules Herbuveaux, who had begun his radio career in 1922 as an orchestra leader and ascended to an NBC vice presidency and general managership of NBC's Chicago stations WMAQ and WMAQ-TV. Herbuveaux's first act was to install as WEFM program director George Stone, a former WMAQ announcer, who in turn hired several other onetime WMAQ colleagues. Meanwhile, a promotion campaign promised metropolitan radio listeners new excitement and variety in FM programing.

Then WEFM unveiled its new format —and the sigh of relief at WFMT must have resembled the deflationary hissing of a great balloon. WEFM's "facelift" amounted to little more than a somberly presented version of WMAQ's former news-and-music schedule (though with better music), including news on the hour, program-opening and closing chitchat, and wordy weather reports and announcements of musical numbers—even commercials with sound effects. In contrast, WFMT offered infrequent newscasts of a length determined by the importance of news at the time; brief, maturely presented introductory announcements; no sound-effects or singing commercials; a maximum of four minutes' commercial time per hour, tastefully spaced; and a cultural sampling ranging from interviews by Studs Terkel, author of the recently published *Division Street: America,* to twenty-four music festivals and a half-dozen series of U.S. symphony orchestra concerts. Within six months, according to one major rating service, WEFM's total audience dipped to about half its competitor's total, and in the next few months it slipped more.

WEFM's biggest coups to date came last fall—the producers of the New York Philharmonic broadcasts, after three seasons of affiliation with WFMT, were persuaded to switch to WEFM; and the broadcast of opening night at the new Metropolitan Opera House, which had been contracted for and then released by the Chicago *Tribune*'s station WGN, also was landed by WEFM. The Zenith station promptly negated part of the potential benefit to its image, however, by scheduling the Philharmonic concerts opposite WFMT's broadcasts of the Boston Symphony, forcing local listeners to miss one or the other.

WHO gains from this type of competition? Zenith's executives presumably think that their corporation will. Certainly Zenith, a respected innovator in broadcasting, deserves a commercially successful station, and surely any challenger to an established leader such as WFMT must scramble and sometimes err. But there is a serious question as to whether the attitudes and actions that have corrupted AM radio can benefit anyone in FM, either responsible broadcasters or listeners. For that reason Chicago's FM "war"—which thus far has been almost embarrassingly one-sided—is being watched by many with more than casual interest.

—ALFRED BALK.

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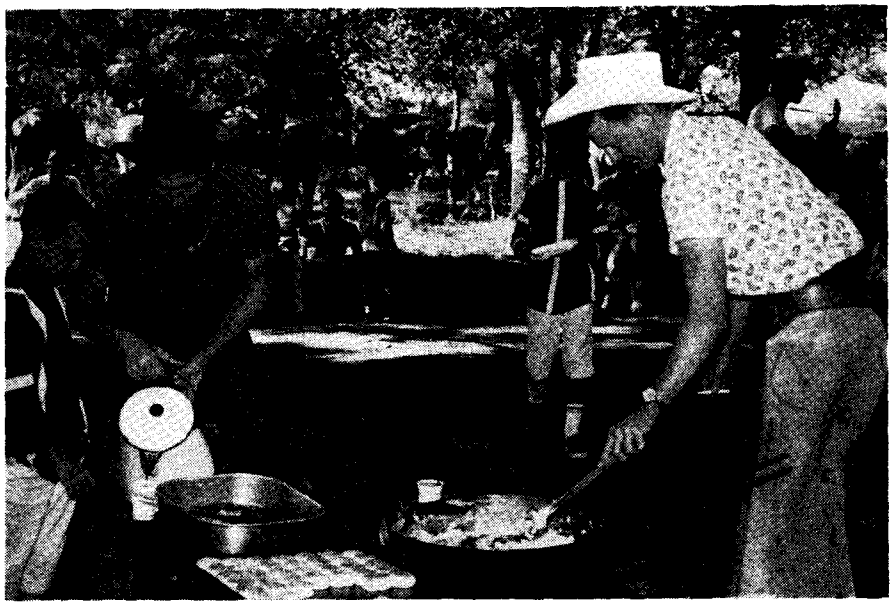
Where Whooping Cranes Winter



A Texas cookout at Mayan Ranch—Entertainment also includes mule-cart riding, melodramas, and can-can girls.

ABOUT AS DEEP in the ventricle of Texas as one can get before sinking up to the thorax in tamales is the creditable city of San Antonio, 150 miles from the Rio Grande, the artery that divides federal territory from Mexico. I thundered in the other day, riding hard out of the West in search of the lore of the Texas ranchlands and eager to whiff whatever mystical essence it is that wafts from the waters of the storied Pedernales.

The guides assigned to aid me in this quest scooped me up at the airport, and without even bothering to book a sanctuary for the night, drop a bag, or powder a nose we were rolling out of town for a look at the ranch resorts that surround the metropolis of Bandera in the way that overprivileged dowagers encamp on the aprons of Palm Beach. Bandera's ring of ranch resorts began in 1928 when one spread called the Bruce Ranch first took in guests. They charged $7 a week for storing visitors, plus $2 extra for a week's rental of a ride-it-yourself horse.

By the time old Mr. Bruce died not long ago, having lived into his nineties, all sorts of ranches had sprung up around Bandera, many of them duded up with swimming pools, landing strips, and other appurtenances not originally associated with ranch life. In summer the cottages were always full, but in winter, when there was scarcely an available bunk in such horsey nests as Tucson, Wickenburg, and Phoenix, the Texas spreads were bereft of all except owners, staff, and cattle. The go-getters in nearby San Antonio launched some zippy advertisements with such irrepressible slogans as, "When it's winter time in Wisconsin it's fun time in sunny San Antonio." Anyone shivering in the Northlands not beguiled by that one would surely be lured by a second compelling slogan, "Every whooping crane in the world spends the winter in Texas." On reflection, that seemed to have some flaws, too. What might be good for whooping cranes might not be appreciated by people. And besides, if the species is dwindling, one might say, what's so salubrious about southeast Texas?

With the accession of Mr. Johnson to the White House, however, and the President's desire to wing back to the banks of the Pedernales at every opportunity for convalescence, rest, or a weekend visit, one could draw an inevitable conclusion: If a man with a free jet on his hands—a man who could go anywhere—prefers above all the ranch life in this pocket of Texas, the place has to have something.

Jack Morris, a former pilot for American Airlines who now labors in San Antonio as an executive in behalf of the same company, listed a baker's half-dozen resorts in the Bandera area. In an expressive program, he indicated the proximity of all of them both to the Johnson ranch on the banks of the Pedernales and, for good measure, to Lyndon B. Johnson's boyhood home, located in Johnson City, Texas. This corner of the state is unquestionably Birdland, and anyone with the price of modest keep and an airline ticket (Morris might hope aboard American) could sample it and presumably live like a president.

Well, anyway, we went tooling down the highway in search of the good Texas ranch life, stopping only long enough to partake of a barbecue sandwich and chili beans, elements of the quaint cuisine of the country. At Lost Valley Resort Ranch, we found the spread so devoid of either whooping cranes or other winter visitors that the management had seized the opportunity to knock together some improvements in preparation for the spring rush. Lost Valley has fifty-five rooms, all of them with big double beds and all heated against whatever chill might show up in winter and chilled against the heat that was sure to come in summer. In fine weather the cooks barbecue in a giant grill made out of an old boiler, cut apart now and painted silver. Guests, many of whom come here to participate in group business meetings, work over the Texas steaks and the Texas beans at great stone tables under the spreading trees. There is a more formal dining room under shelter and even a coffee shop, and when not off

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on a horse, or on a hayride, or aboard the stagecoach, or playing golf on a 2,800-yard nine-hole course, the guests can retire to a game room or wander into Frontier Town, the resort's own mock-up of a Western settlement. The store fronts are all here, and in summer many of them are inhabited by a resident staff that operates Dirty Jack's restaurant, the Bella Union saloon, and stages a regular street brawl in which such gunslingers as The Carpetbagger, Billy the Kid, Digger the Undertaker, and Pigface all appear. In other seasons the cast is back at college.

AN authentic Wells Fargo stagecoach is maintained on the scene and is driven by Hondo Marchand, a French-Canadian turned cowboy. No convert has ever been more dedicated: Hondo is equipped with curled moustache, rolling gait, big hat and proper lingo. When it gets near dinner time, as it did the other night as I sat with him in a beer parlor called the Purple Cow in Bandera, he pats his stomach and drawls, "Wal, guess better git me plate 'a beans."

In all seasons Lost Valley keeps open its Texas House, a small hotel out of another age which happens to be in Frontier Town surrounded by all those façades and those ghosts. Although one could scarcely tell by the outside of the place—it could, after all, be just another Western front—the interior is all done up in what is called, I was assured, Western plush—red velour settees, potted ferns, cut velvet wallpaper, lamps dripping with glass tassels, and pictures boxed in gilded frames. There are twenty rooms on these premises and a Red Garter lounge where, there being a dearth of customers the day I arrived, a number of musical cowpokes were sitting around drinking sippin' whiskey or sippin' drinking whiskey, I'm not sure

which. As is the Texas custom, it was brought to the table in brown paper bags.

The 1,000-acre spread at Lost Valley also includes, of all things, a race track. The racing season warms up with a meet during two weekends in April and then continues every weekend from June until Labor Day. Nor are such attractions limited to one showplace. Mayan Ranch puts on rodeos in its arena and offers mule-cart riding, swimming in a heated pool, and regular shows in its own Wild West town complete with can-can girls, melodramas, and a Yellow Belly Bar. Lost Valley, Circle R Ranch, and Flying L all have their own private airports.

Some of the ranches have established first-class reputations for their kitchens, particularly Dixie Dude, which among devotees of the Texas ranch life is known as the home-cooking ranch. Owned by Phil and Martha Hevenor, Whispering Winds is inclined to slough off Western cooking, bringing in lobsters from Cozumel and raising its own sheep for roast shoulder of lamb. "What's Western cooking?" asks Martha Hevenor, who with her husband is a transplant from Eastern climes. "Beans cooked with ham hocks? Macaroni salad so you don't have to peel the patatoes? Me? I curry everything but my children."

There seems to be a point of local pride in raising rare animals. Dixie Dude keeps a herd of white angora goats. At Whispering Winds, African sheep wander among the small cedars looking in at the cottages and vying with the ponies, equally unpenned and untethered, for handouts. When not overseeing the kitchen at their ranch, Mrs. Hevenor breeds shaggy Himalayan dogs called Lhasa Apsos which, by her word, are raised in monasteries and villages around Lhasa and were presented by the Dalai Lama to the Manchu emperors, who felt highly favored to possess one. In his spare time Phil Hevenor, with Hondo Marchand, has developed horse-thief hobbles, a tricky set of leg irons used by cowboys and cavalry to keep thieves from stealing horses. As a Southwestern parlor game and puzzle, they are being marketed by Neiman-Marcus at $4.95 a pair.

One ranch, the Flying A, makes available all sorts of fancy game which the hunter in a hurry might never have time to bag in its native habitat. It keeps English red deer, axis deer, mouflon sheep with curling horns originally bred in Sardinia and Corsica, and the ibex, a breed of wild goat. Hunters roam within the fence limits of the ranch preserve seeking trophy heads, and pay for the carcasses as bagged.

All the ranches collected by American Airlines in its fly-the-dudes program include airport ground transportation, horseback riding, swimming, and all meals. About $100 a week per adult in a double room would be an average rate. Montague Ranch, an enormous 6,000-acre spread which has been in the Montague family since 1856, and which has built housekeeping cottages, is an exception. Some housekeeping cottages are also spread on the grounds at Whispering Winds. Completely equipped, they are rented to families at $6 for large people and $3 a night for children under twelve, most of whom delight in being stored in double-deckers. Bass cruise under the cypresses along the Medina River, peacocks roosting with a pack of wild turkeys squawk in the stillness, and one is liable to meet a mendicant sheep or a nuzzling pony at any turning in the road. As retreats go, the Bandera resorts have a special sort of appeal, and while the landscapes may not be as dramatic as the mesquite and saguaro of Arizona—at least in winter—one can see why the man is so eager to depart the Potomac for the Pedernales for any available period longer than a coffee break. More about him anon.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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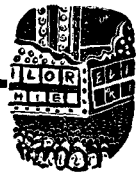

Echoes

IT IS ONE thing to revive an antique film; its old-fashioned postures, archaic technique, and sentimental assumptions can be charming, amusing, and viewed with indulgence. It is another to make one, and this is what Charles Chaplin has done with *A Countess from Hong Kong*. Based on the flimsiest pretext for a story, written as though film-making had just recovered from its siege of silence and was experimenting with spoken dialogue, and paced with all the adeptness of a director wondering how best to make use of those new-fangled inventions—the moving dolly and the mike boom—Chaplin's film takes us straight back to the mood of 1931, as nearly as I can fix it. For such a film to appear newly minted in 1967 is indeed an oddity and, I'm sorry to add, very little else.

At its very beginning Chaplin (the writer, director, and the composer of the accompanying score) informs us that after two world wars Hong Kong had become the haunt and refuge of Russian countesses, and that they could be danced with for "half a dollar" and—horrors!—could even be bought for more carnal purposes. Such a one is Sophia Loren, a penniless, presumably waif-like product of desiccated nobility. Naturally, she wants to escape her sorry circumstances and get to a land of more graceful opportunity—America. As part of this purpose, she stows away in the luxurious shipboard suite of an oil-rich American, about to become an ambassador. This chap is played by Marlon Brando, who recoils—for some strange reason—from sharing his quarters with such an abundance of magnificence.

The remainder of the tale can, I'm afraid, be easily guessed. The ambassador-to-be, after glimpsing the countess's décolletage a number of times and growing increasingly heady from the exposure, falls in love with her, and by the time the ship reaches Honolulu is bewitched enough to ditch his extremely pretty but mercenary wife (Tippi Hedren) and to settle down instead with the former prostitute. In explanation of this action he informs his wife with all the wisdom of accumulated age and experience that she, too, might have met the same fate as the countess if it were not for her luckier circumstances. If Greta Garbo and John Gilbert had played the romantic pair back in 1931 all this might have been reasonably acceptable. But, as is quite apparent to most of us, things have been happening in the cinema since.

Thus it becomes a matter of attempting to account for such a film as *A Countess from Hong Kong*. Understandably, from the point of view of the producing organization, Universal Pictures, the combination of Chaplin-Loren-Brando must have seemed enticing. The chemistry was there, as they say. But even the most potent movie chemistry becomes a fizzle without the backbone of a suitable script. Chaplin's script wasn't scrutinized with much care, presumably, and Brando, for one, has admitted that he didn't read it at all before accepting his role. Still, one doesn't reject a Chaplin movie if it is offered, and perhaps it shouldn't be rejected. A seventy-seven-year-old genius of Chaplin's stature, after so many cinematic contributions, has certainly earned the opportunity to toy with his medium in his golden years. And, though I found the experience of watching the film saddening on the whole, I was aware that *A Countess from Hong Kong* does have a certain historical value. For, while it derives from the past, it contains reminders of Chaplin's gifts and the gifts he gave to us.

One scene involving Margaret Rutherford as a dotty lady confined to her cabin is a comic gem in itself and gives us a hint of the kind of style Chaplin must have had in mind for this frothy venture. Patrick Cargill, as a classically stone-faced valet, also has some moments. And there is a brief glimpse of the master himself, as a seasick chief steward, which brings a momentary lift to the generally soggy proceedings. But that's about all there is—a few echoes of what once was and what might have been.

The romance, the heart of the story, is handled by Brando and Miss Loren with about as much passion as that of a pair of love-wracked halibuts. Strangely, when the fevered clinch finally arrives, Brando tackles his majestic cabin mate in a manner reminiscent of the early Valentino. A waltz theme of *City Lights* vintage accompanies the maneuver. But, while Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn, or Gregory Peck and Doris Day might have been more suitably cast as the romantic duo, the fault is not all Brando's and Miss Loren's. They were given no characters to bite into, or lines of any sparkle to speak. And one wonders if the film should have been exhibited at all. Better, perhaps, to have shipped it straight to the Museum of Modern Art Film Library.

ANOTHER odd, and more successful, venture is *Ulysses*, adapted with great respect and some skill from the James Joyce novel. The releasing policy—three hard-ticket days in some seventy theaters around the nation—has made the two-hour-and-fifteen-minute film unavailable for the time being. But it will return, you may be sure, for at this writing it has managed to dodge the shoals of censorship, and if the film hardly manages to suggest more than a few of the intricacies of the Joyce classic, it does give us some of the language, many of the scenes, and, best of all, some truly splendid acting by a company of Irish players directed by Joseph Strick.

Strick also undertook the difficult task, with Fred Haines, of unraveling the story elements of the novel so that they could be presented in cinematic form. And they did somehow manage to find a shape and a progression which was serviceable if not ideal. But, if nothing else, they have also demonstrated the present all but unbridgable gulf between literature and cinema. To make this clear I need only quote a passage from John Greenway's excellent little *A Guide through James Joyce's Ulysses*, prepared for college students: "There is scarcely an incident, however inconsequential, that is not mentioned overtly or symbolically several times; one must read with a good deal of attention to recognize a fragmentary allusion to something that has already occurred. Then, too, allusions to events historical, theological, or literary outside the book abound."

It is this quality, the book's metaphor (*The Odyssey*, *Hamlet*, et al.), that has not been captured to any real degree. Nevertheless, the book is rich enough in more overt incident to provide an abundance of cinematic material. And it has those marvelous characters: Bloom, Molly, Stephen Dedalus, and Buck Mulligan. Strick did manage to find the people equipped to play them with authority.

As Stephen, Maurice Roeves is appropriately dour; T. P. McKenna gives an electric quality to his Buck Mulligan. But good as they are, it is Milo O'Shea as Bloom who captures the Joycean quality best, and very close to matching him is Barbara Jefford as Molly. Her twenty-minute soliloquy, gamey and earthy, containing terms new to the movie sound track is a lovely if sometimes startling thing to listen to. Strick, realizing the impossibility of recapturing that Dublin day of June 16, 1904, has utilized the Dublin of the present and somehow it works, demonstrating, perhaps, the universality of Joyce.

But, of course, this film version of *Ulysses* gains its effectiveness not so much as a work of the cinema as from its respectful, careful echoing of the quality of the novel. Simplified Joyce it may be, but it is very good within its chosen compass, and something new for the movie medium.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Unsalted Peanuts

PERHAPS THE ROAD back to a more satisfactory American theater begins with simplicity and faith in the human imagination. For within a week two disarmingly modest efforts in this direction have been acclaimed as hits. While neither of these hits is overpowering, it would, considering the desperate state of things, be strategically unwise not to welcome their success.

You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown is an off-Broadway musical revue based upon the famous five-year-olds of Charles M. Schulz's comic strip, *Peanuts*. You will note that the producers have carefully refrained from putting an exclamation point at the end of the title. Because they don't, we are rightly led to expect an evening that will be gently bemusing rather than uproarious.

Book-writer John Gordon appears to have merely set down a number of his favorite episodes in a varied arrangement. And songwriter Clark Gesner has seen to it that his songs are so slight and nonintrusive that we are scarcely aware of the transition from spoken dialogue to singing. But the greatest credit must go to director Joseph Hardy for his awareness that the roles should be played by grownup actors whose costumes and make-up never strenuously attempt to become a literal facsimile of Mr. Schulz's cartoons. Thus the actors are freed from the effort of impersonation and concentrate on catching the inner innocence of these children.

As Charlie Brown, Gary Burghoff is timid and lonely but never self-pitying. He accepts his fate as deserved, and in fact seems to feel slightly surprised that life doesn't treat him even worse. As Lucy, Reva Rose is so heartlessly self-interested that she becomes irrevocable, pure. She is Medea in a child's dress. Bob Balaban (and his blanket), Skip Hinnant, and Karen Johnson are modestly effective as Linus, Schroeder, and Patty. And best of all is Bill Hinnant's performance as the morose mutt, Snoopy. Mr. Hinnant captures the essential quality of dogginess by gesturing with his wrist instead of his hand, and by flinging himself in the sort of floppy postures heretofore only achieved by double-jointed mongrels. Mr. Hinnant's mad song and dance about the frustrations of anticipating a "Suppertime" whose quality and time of delivery are humiliatingly beyond his control is the show's most inspired creation.

But the funniest sketch is one in which we see the kids go about the task of writing a 100-word book report on Peter Rabbit. The devices each uses to circumvent really doing the assignment are all the more funny because they are so painfully true. Not just true to what our children do, or to what we did as children, but to habits that have in some form persisted into our adult lives. And perhaps this is why *Peanuts* is so popular with audiences of all ages. Irrational fears, pre-acceptance of frustrated hopes, flights of imagination whose hangovers get us into trouble, and reasoning by association rather than by logic are all childish things. Yet most of us conquer these foolishnesses only to a degree.

Some of *You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown* is less effective, particularly to those who are not regular *Peanuts* readers. Nevertheless, the special quality and freshness of the work are sufficient to hold our attention constantly.

ON BROADWAY, Robert Anderson's *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running* begins with a very funny idea. An established playwright is discussing the production of his latest script with his producer. The conversation is all very jovial, but there is just one minor difficulty to be cleared up. The playwright has indicated in his stage directions that one of the male characters should step out of the bathroom stark naked to say the title line. The producer can't believe that this is what the playwright really intends to happen, but as it turns out the playwright is dead serious. He sees this matter-of-fact episode as being not sexy but slightly comic and as shocking the audience into recognizing that the stage situation is not artificial but realistic—like it might have happened in their own homes.

Since the producer is desperately anxious to do the play, he goes to absurd lengths to persuade the playwright to compromise. And when Mr. Anderson has wrung the fun out of this situation, he introduces another equally hilarious absurdity, an actor so eager to get a role that he can persuade himself to make any compromise, although even he hadn't contemplated this one. Under Alan Schneider's direction, the sketch is nicely performed by George Grizzard, Joe Silver, Melinda Dillon, and Martin Balsam. Furthermore, one is delightfully surprised to discover that the sober author of *Tea and Sympathy* and a number of other anguished plays, has a flair for comedy.

However, the three playlets that follow are less pure comedy than the opening one. For while Anderson continues his comic invention, he permits it to become adulterated with his serious concern for problems of marital adjustment.

Thus a revue sketch about buying beds is made into something slightly less bawdy by the addition of too much conversation about the comparative sexual convenience of a double bed vs. twin beds. The third piece of the evening begins as a comic representation of a familiar parental dilemma: How much should one tell one's children about masturbation and birth control? For awhile the argument between Eileen Heckart as the practical wife and Martin Balsam as the romantic husband lends itself to hilarious exaggeration. Then we realize that Anderson has opened up an area large enough for a whole play and we are left intrigued but somewhat unsatisfied with an outline that only suggests what should be explored.

The evening closes with Miss Heckart and Mr. Grizzard as a senile couple getting their romantic memories hopelessly confused. Since both have been married three times, they not only make mistakes about who did what, where, and with whom, but even confuse their present identities, calling each other by wrong names. This is amusing, but again the playwright refuses to write a pure comic exercise and mixes in a certain naturalistic pathos.

It is probably inevitable that Mr. Anderson's work express his responsible recognition of the American scene. And if it strikes us as less entertaining than his free-swinging fun, it at least gives the evening character.

A FAR MORE ambitious effort is Frank D. Gilroy's *That Summer—That Fall*. Here the playwright has tried to wed contemporary naturalism to a classic tragedy, the story of Phaedra, who fell in love with her stepson, Hippolytus. The blending is most nearly achieved by Jo Mielziner's poetic settings and Irene Papas's deeply felt performance as a sterile Brooklyn housewife whose older husband unwittingly forces on her his handsome young son by a former liaison. The play gets into trouble, however, whenever it feels obliged to live up to a naturalistic tradition with small talk that clashes with the terse abruptness with which the play's larger passions are expressed. One suspects that once underway the author might have been better advised to depart from the classical outline and follow *these* characters to whatever destinies suit *them*. Still, it is an honest and fully-committed dramatic enterprise, which not only makes a memorable contribution to our theater season but also serves to reaffirm Mr. Gilroy's talent and purpose.

—HENRY HEWES.

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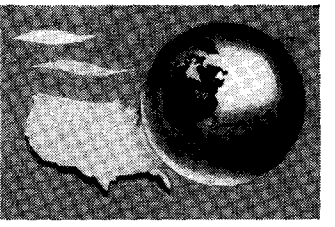
As Others See Us



MADRID:

A Year of Erosion

CONSTITUTIONALLY, Lyndon B. Johnson can look for re-election in 1968; politically, he may not want to do so. In the two years since his smashing victory over Barry Goldwater, the direction of America's political winds has changed. This is due, perhaps, to the insistence with which the President applies to Vietnam the ideas of Goldwater.

Why has he done so? Observers as authoritative as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., insinuate that the abundantly consolidated power of the "industrial-military complex" is back of it all. This is the power referred to by President Eisenhower in his farewell message. . . . It has been gaining strength since the assassination of President Kennedy, an event in which many suspect this "military-industrial complex" of being involved.

While Johnson, a man of politics, succeeded in persuading the electorate, his decisions on Vietnam were those suggested by the two Kennedy-appointed Secretaries at his side: Robert McNamara and Dean Rusk. Their relations with the great American corporations [are] all too well known. . . . —*SP.*

PARIS:

Production and Profit

. . . THE SECOND [General Electric investment in France] is going to enlighten the question of foreign investment and sensitize opinion on a subject which has become much less virulent lately from the very fact of the liberalism of the French government. . . . It is certain that the austerity measures . . . defined by France at the time of agreements with the American firm . . . will better reveal all the specific problems raised by the different conceptions of business held by Americans and Europeans. It is quite clear that the patrons from the other side of the Atlantic do not draw back as do ours from "surgical solutions" (in business).

To close a plant, dismiss employees, open another plant, rehire, is life—economic life—with its hazards, but also it's a chance to make a new start for the better on a new basis. In France, one has come into the habit of prolonging the sickness as long as possible and even submitting to last-gasp subsidies. . . . One is perhaps not more "social" on this side of the Atlantic. In any case, one is more sensitive.

Another characteristic of the American businessman is his sense of "the market." As [an American] director in Frankfort said recently, "What interests me is the final cost of the product and my margin of profit. My European counterpart is aware of production. What interests him is a plant which works without any problems."

These different orientations of thought explain a good part of the uneasiness aroused by American investment in the Old World, and also the gropings of the new arrivals from overseas. There was a time when they acted much more brutally, and France was not the only victim.

Doubtless it will always appear painful that a decision bearing on French units and employees be made in New York, in Detroit, or . . . in Phoenix. But let us not fall into melodramatic imagery. These decisions are also, and more often, happily enough, favorable to the French worker. At a time when capital is less and less national, French industry must gain enough efficiency so that foreigners continue to invest in France without investing France. —*Le Monde.*

PRAGUE:

Antimissile Race

NO REPORT for a long time has aroused so many guesses, commentaries, warnings, and proposals as the one which announced that the Soviet Union had built up around some of its cities an effective antimissile defense and is evidently intending to extend this system still further. Views have been expressed not only by American commentators, but also by U.S. Defense Secretary McNamara. The U.S. Congress discussed the matter, and even President Johnson in his State of the Union Message devoted attention to the danger arising from antimissile systems.

Needless to say, the question must be asked: What kind of danger might threaten whom from an installation whose sole purpose is to prevent enemy rockets with nuclear warheads from hit-

—Toronto Daily Star.

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ting their targets and destroying them?

The answer is not as easy as it might appear at first glance. First of all, such a system, if really effective—if it genuinely reduces the risk of disastrous consequences of a nuclear strike, and insofar as it is owned by only one side—fundamentally alters the balance of forces. The equilibrium of risk is disturbed when one side enjoys an advantage which the other side will not permit. Hence, the other side is compelled to the same thing as its adversary: to make its own defensive system at least equally effective, or to improve the quality and quantity of its aggressive weapons to such a level as to enable these weapons to break through the opponent's defense.

However, this reflection is logical only if we accept the view that the use of nuclear weapons is unthinkable as a means for settling a conflict the moment that the balance of nuclear forces—and thus also the balance of risks between potential opponents—is even and catastrophic for both sides. . . .

—*Radio Prague.*

BOGOTA:

Actresses and Cattle

GETTING THE OPINIONS of movie actresses about themselves is certainly worth the trouble. For what it's worth, we pass on to you the thoughts of Melina Mercouri, that lady of variable honor in *Never on Sunday*, about a few of her colleagues.

For her, Brigitte Bardot is a natural sex symbol. In her representation of it, sex is never vulgar. It is part of life—the joy of existence.

But of Jayne Mansfield, who has everything that B.B. does and much more, Melina declared, "It is exactly the opposite of sex. It is a vulgarity so cheap that it becomes ugly. It is such an exaggerated exhibition of sexual symbols that it becomes a phenomenon. (Two phenomena, we would add.)

When it comes to corporal endowment, Melina, herself, leaves nothing to be desired . . . she has all the pertinent accessories in all the right places, although she keeps measurements of bust, waist, and thigh a strict secret.

"You Americans," she said to a *gringo* journalist, "measure actresses in the same way we Greeks measure cattle. In Greece we measure the stars by their eyes, by their souls, and by their dramatic talent." A shocking concept for those accustomed to the norms of Hollywood.

—*Alfonso Castillo Gomez.*
El Espectador.

Cheap Side, New York: In spite of the currency restrictions, New York is worth visiting, because there are more interesting and varied things to do and see there for nothing or next-to-nothing than in any other city.

Besides the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Whitney Museum of American Art, both free (the Museum of Modern Art does not qualify because it costs $1.25), there is the great free show which the inhabitants themselves put on twenty-four hours a day. And besides this open-air performance, there are all sorts of fascinating, lush interiors, into which even the most penniless visitor can penetrate.

The buses are difficult enough for New Yorkers to master, let alone foreigners. You really need to have been born on a route—preferably in the bus itself—to know where it goes. The drivers, who also double as conductors, manifest a pure and simple hatred of mankind which can unnerve a timid visitor.

The subways are even more gruesome than the London Underground, but they are fairly quick, and, unlike ours, cheap—you can go almost anywhere for a flat 20 cents. In Manhattan itself the trains run mostly underground, but when they do emerge, as the IRT line does on the upper reaches of Broadway, sixty feet above immigrant New York and on a level with the upper windows of the tenement blocks, the view is an eye-opener.

Taxis are rather expensive, unless four of you (it can be five in certain sorts of cab) pile in, as you are entitled to, for the price of one, in which case they are cheap. Unfortunately, many of the drivers are bores. They display an omniscience which does not extend to knowing the way to your destination and they talk all the time. This torrent of mindless garrulity also ruins most of the circular bus tours of the city and the round-the-island trips.

Especially at weekends, when parts of the city are largely deserted, it is a good idea to hire a bicycle ($4 a day, $12 a week) from the Bicycle Club of America, Central Park West, which is less grand than it sounds. If left unattended your locked and chained bicycle may disappear, together with its lock and chain. . . .

Central Park has miles of bicycle paths on which you can train for a round-Manhattan trip. Dancing, a Shakespeare festival, concerts, and a zoo, all in the open air, are some of the free attractions. Parts of the park are very prehistoric-looking and lonely, so lonely that no New Yorker would walk in it at night unless dressed in armor and brandishing a mace. The north end can be dangerous even by day—this is a dangerous city.

At the top end of Manhattan, Fort Tryon Park is beautiful, while Inwood Hill Park, 127 acres of wild wood with unexpected views of the Hudson, is as arcadian as it must have been when the Algonquin Indians lived there. . . .

—*Eric Newby in The London Observer Review.*

Pro and Con

On "Death of a President"

"Perhaps he asked for a horse. . . ."

I WAS EXTRAORDINARILY pleased with the lines of Stephen Spender that you published with the text of the first part of *The Death of a President*:

I think continually of those who were
truly great—
The names of those who in their lives
fought for life,
Who wore at their hearts the fire's
centre.
Born of the sun they traveled a short
while towards the sun,
And left the vivid air signed with their
honour.

These lines should be inscribed on Kennedy's tomb, and on the tombs of all men who in life sought not an easy chair but a horse to leap on, to ride off to do whatever good they might, or to seek to do it. . . .

—*Giovanni Marin,*
—*Letters to the Editor,*
Epoca, Venice.

EDITOR'S REPLY:

I WISH that more of our men in politics thought as you do, and aspired to apply these lines to themselves. I wish that they would think about them and ask themselves why Kennedy stirred the world so much. Because he had an attractive forelock? Because he had a beautiful wife? Because he trusted Khrushchev? No, no; there are other reasons. He moved the world because in a mysterious way he transmitted to the world his youth, his joy in life; and, smiling, he knew, as Victor Hugo put it, how to hold in his hands simultaneously the gloved white hand of the high and gross black hand of the low.

Because he had grace and ardor. Because he was grave and gay. Because all men, one day in their lives, have been like him or have sought to be like him. Because he was a man who had asked for a horse, not an easy chair. Because he did not aspire to glory but to write his name on the roll of men of good will. Because he dreamed of beauty, not wealth. Because he was not afraid to kid himself. Because he had his weaknesses, and showed them. And he had his sorrows, and concealed them. And thus, that day under the Dallas sun, he entered the ranks of those who "left the vivid air signed with their honour."

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—Detail from "The Angelic Wreaths," by Gustave Doré

EINSTEIN'S ANGEL AND THE EMPTY TEMPLE

THE SHARPEST criticism of scientific pretension and exaggeration to come from any authoritative voice in many years was published a few weeks ago in *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The critic was Harold Orlans, a member of the senior staff of the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C., and this is part of what he wrote:

> Despite the cries of alarm rising from faculty bars, transcontinental planes, and the cafeteria of the National Academy of Sciences, science is still prospering. Neither the reduced rate of growth in expenditures nor the greater government effort to utilize basic research findings can reasonably be construed as an assault on basic research, and the fact that many eminent scientists imagine the opposite attests only to the enormity of their aspirations and illusions. After all, great imagination is a great asset in scientific work; but it is not so great an asset in budgetary justifications (or there would be fewer bureaucrats and more artists here in Washington.)
>
> Now, was it the bureaucrat or the dreamer in Alan Waterman that led him to declare, in 1961, that the budget of the National Science Foundation should grow "at an average rate of about 35 per cent per year for the next ten years"—which would have brought it to $5.3 billion in 1971; and what was it that, in 1963, led Philip Handler and Frederick Seitz, apparently independently, not to shudder and recoil from the horror, but happily to envisage that, by the end of the century, the nation might devote to research and development as much as half of its gross national product? (This rainbow-like prospect, with a very considerable pot of gold where the sky meets the ground, was arrived at simply enough by projecting approximately the rate of growth then prevailing in R & D [scientific research and development] expenditures.)
>
> A similar dream has been voiced in many different ways by the leaders of many different scientific agencies and fields. It is, of course, a dream of glory and, standing modestly beside the glory, power. As Einstein once observed, "If an angel were sent by God to drive out of the temple of science all those people [in it for reasons other than their love of the truth], it would become embarrassingly empty. . . ."
>
> As a further example, I will cite only the defense offered by high-energy physicists of the vital importance of their dearly (and I mean dearly) desired 200 BEV not just to physics, but to the nation. To [Abraham] Païs, this great machine represents not just a triumph for physics, but "a source of inspiration for new science and a monument to our days" (which is to say, a pyramid); to [Gerald] Feinberg, it represents "the best single element we have contributed to human culture" (which, if true, is a terrible indictment of our society); and, to [the late Robert] Oppenheimer, "a triumph of human reason. . . ." (Not "human capital." In what respect, I wonder, does reason enter more into the construction of an accelerator than the construction of a library or a hospital?) Finally, for Victor Weisskopf:
>
> "The value of fundamental research does not lie only in the ideas it produces. There is more to it. It affects the whole intellectual life of a nation by determining its way of thinking and the standards by which actions and intellectual production are judged. If science is highly regarded and if the importance of being concerned with the most up-to-date problems of funda-

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mental research is recognized, then a spiritual climate is created which influences all other activities."

So we are to build this expensive machine because of the spiritual climate it creates. (Others may prefer the climate of Nantucket, Pittsburgh, Broadway, or the church.)

Now, I submit, basic science today faces not "Another Appalachia," as the president of the American Geophysical Union fears, or what Dael Wolfle recently characterized as "a serious flaw in the American commitment to science," but, rather, the momentary puncturing of a dream—momentary because dream stuff is presumably self-sealing. Reality has penetrated painfully with the realization that, in [U.S. Health, Education, and Welfare secretary John] Gardner's words, "Among all human enterprises . . . research [Gardner referred specifically to 'biomedical research,' but the point can be extended] cannot hope to have the unique attribute of existing in a world without resource constraints."

Surely the dream contained, as all dreams do, elements of reality—that *some* science has proved of great benefit to man—as well as elements of utopia (or, if you prefer, nobility); that man might love the truth for its own sake, and nothing but the truth, and the truth would make him free of at least some of his follies and vices (enough would remain, in any event, to sustain him). But these elements have been obscured by clouds of rhetoric, vanity, naïveté, self-interest, and self-deception.

I take little comfort in the ill winds that blow from Vietnam; but if they bring to science less money than had been anticipated, they bring some good as well. Above all, they bring an opportunity if not to re-establish, then to reassert standards of research quality that have been lowered by too much money. It is hard to recall that eleven years ago, a distinguished scientific committee chaired by C. N. H. Long of Yale (the first deputy head of the Office of Science and Technology, Colin MacLeod, was also a member) asked if, particularly in areas with extensive private support like cancer and heart disease, ". . . available facilities and manpower . . . are not nearing the point where most worthwhile [research] programs are now being supported?" (To be sure, more facilities have been built and more scientists have been graduated in the interim.) It is even harder to believe that the committee "was informed by the representatives of the National Institutes of Health that, in general, the present level of support of the intramural programs of all institutes except those of microbiology and of dental research is adequate, provided no further inflation occurs, and no unusual emergencies arise." (As we know, the ensuing decade was fraught with inflation and with an unusual number of unusual emergencies.) Granted, this piece of infamy was perpetrated by one Republican secretary of HEW, who preceded another Republican secretary who helped to launch NIH into its present financial orbit. But was it so different, in substance, from Jerome Wiesner's acknowledgment, in 1963, that "the National Institutes of Health and the National Science Foundation support research that in a tighter economy you would not support. . . . [The] agencies would agree that they are supporting not only the unusual scientist . . . but . . . the average person as well. And they are doing this deliberately."

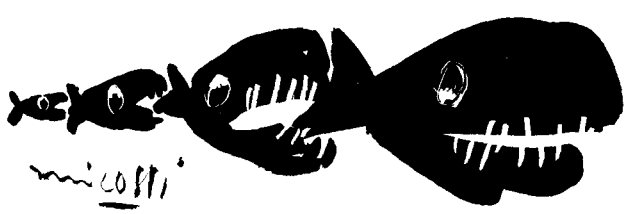
I know that the Wooldridge investigation, a pioneering exploration whose success was comparable to that of Scott's Antarctic expedition, discovered that the quality of most biomedical research was the best that was possible in the best of all possible worlds. It thus disposed for all time of such boorish charges as those of Paul Weiss about the existence of "much shoddy, inconsequential, redundant, uncritical, and ill-conceived research, the mainsprings of which may have been nothing more than that 'soft money' was available to support it . . ." or those of John Cockcroft, A. H. Halsey, and Ingvar Svennilson, the three OECD examiners of our national policies for science and education, who noted "a widespread impression that the second-line institutions tend to expand their graduate output to some extent at the cost of producing mindless and ritualistic research. . . ."

Discussing this matter not long ago with a senior official of an important agency, who knew full well that expanded budgets tended to produce work of lower average quality, I was somewhat taken aback when he remarked—and this is a verbatim, honest quotation—"I am working feverishly to *reduce* the quality level."

Unfortunately, his work and that of his colleagues in and out of government has been all too successful. . . .

Let me turn from this depressing theme to a more cheerful one. At any rate, I take cheer in it, though some professors will not. I refer to the Surgeon General's order that any work involving the use of human subjects must first be scrutinized to see that the rights and interests of the subjects are protected. To my mind, this order is entirely praiseworthy. Perhaps I have been living in Washington too long, but, I must confess, it surprised me, because I did not really expect the government to react so quickly and pointedly to the atrocious episode of cancer experimentation in New York [*SR*, Feb. 5, 1966 and July 2, 1966], and other cases such as those that Henry Beecher has documented. All that the Surgeon General has done is to affirm what should never have become necessary—and the more imperious members of the scientific community should ask themselves why it became necessary—for him to affirm: that this is not Nazi Germany. . . .

Critic Orlans justifiably might have but did not go on to point out some of the unfortunate effects undisciplined science has had on the recent history of American democracy. For example, Central Intelligence Agency subversion of the traditional freedom of academe had been known to social scientists for many months before the storm of public resentment broke in the Congress. Scientific committees had been set up. "Studies" of the obvious had been made. But no scientific trumpets of warning were sounded. Another example: The 1970 deadline for landing an American on the moon was set at the insistence of scientific adventurers who didn't want their activities interfered with by unanswerable budgetary questions from doubtful Congressmen. President Lyndon B. Johnson merely extended this scientific technique to politics when he asked Congress for a blank check in dealing with Vietnam. Once checks like these are issued, political obstacles to stopping payment become almost impassable.



THE National Aeronautics and Space Administration has finally admitted that its headlong plunge to reach the moon by 1970 entailed shortcuts not adequately scrutinized in advance for the risks they might hold for human life. The type of fire that destroyed all three crewmen of Apollo I—the first scheduled moonship—had simply not been thought of as a probable reality.

While NASA spokesmen were making this confession to Congress, a dialogue of another sort was taking place about deep-sea submersibles. This other conversation focused on a fact that was discussed in *SR*'s issue of May 4, 1957. The fact is that the atomic age drastically reduced the tolerances of error permissible among many traditional craftsmen. The art of welding, for example, had to be refined not only to resist nuclear corrosion but to withstand the enormous

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pressures exerted by the water in earth's oceanic abysses.

No one ever set a particular date for the launching of the first atomic submarine. Perhaps because of that omission, the welding of American deep-sea submersibles today is so precise a technique that some people in Washington are worrying about the consequences of allowing the Russians to buy a midget sub intended for deep-sea exploration.

Few fears are being expressed about what the Russians might learn from purchase of an American rocket.

THE White House paper on practical use of oceanographic science and technology came out days later than the time predicted in this space last month. As forecast in our preview, the report set a precedent for such multi-agency documents by fixing priorities for concentrated attention:

1) *International cooperation* – "The resources gap between rich and poor nations draws attention to the oceans as an arena for increased cooperation in economic development. . . ."

2) *Food from the sea*—"The oceans are a relatively untapped source of protein for the undernourished. First steps involve overseas demonstration projects utilizing fish protein concentrate."

3) *Sea grant programs*—Recently enacted legislation authorizing sea-grant colleges analogous to the long established land-grant colleges "will be implemented immediately. . . ."

4) *Data systems study* – "Collection, storage, and dissemination of . . . oceanographic data require improvement. . . ."

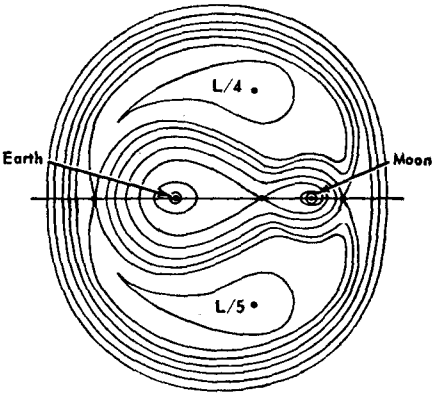
5) *Estuary study*—"Problems of estuarine pollution are increasing, with serious effects on fish, shellfish, health, recreation, and beauty. An interagency study will be initiated leading to a long-range program of research, first utilizing the Chesapeake Bay as a model. . . ."

6) *Surveys of mineral resources* – "Planning, surveys, and survey methodology, all related to the mineral resources of the Continental Shelf, will be accelerated to identify potential new mineral sources and to develop a pilot plan to meet long-term needs as land sources become more expensive. . . ."

7) *Ocean observation and prediction* –Planning has begun to strengthen ocean-based observation networks that lag behind land-based systems in weather prediction.

8) *Deep ocean technology*—"The loss of the *Thresher* and the recent loss of an unarmed H-bomb off Spain emphasize the national importance of an expanded capability for search and recovery systems in the deep ocean. . . ."

9) *Subpolar oceanographic research*—"A replacement Coast Guard ship, previously authorized for the International Ice Patrol, will be especially designed and constructed so that it can expand oceanographic research in high latitudes. . . ."



PLANET EARTH has three moons instead of just the one we are accustomed to see. Two are clouds of dust that move in the moon's orbit, held in place by gravitational attraction, one a quarter-circle ahead and the other a quarter-circle behind the familiar moon. The positions of the two dust moons were predicted almost 200 years ago. The moons were first sighted through telescopes at Cracow Observatory in Poland by Polish astronomer Kazimierz Kordylewsky in 1956, but the sighting was not announced until five years later. The February 1967 issue of *Physics Today* published confirmation of the observations by J. Wesley Simpson, founder and director of the Locksley Observatory of Lockheed Missiles and Space Company. In the above sketch of gravitational equipotentials of the earth-moon system, the dust moons are marked as black dots, L/4 and L/5.

MANY NURSES have written indignant letters in protest against Dr. Thomas Hale's contribution to our symposium on the nursing problems in hospitals [*SR*, Feb. 4]. They say he was illogical in proposing continuance of hospital schools of nursing, with their traditionally heavy emphasis on bedside experience with patients.

Many medical schools in America closed during the early 1900s after the American Medical Association formed the Council of Medical Education and pushed for medical school association with universities. No one now regrets the momentary discomforts concomitant with that reform. Why then, the nurses ask, should doctors now oppose higher levels of education for nurses?

A number of the letter writers have sent copies of their opinions to Dr. Hale, who is executive vice president of the Albany Medical Center Hospital at Albany, New York. He has reacted by writing to *SR*'s science editor. Dr. Hale says he thinks his main point has been missed by his critics, and has asked leave to explain himself further. Here is the gist of his communication:

> My critics equate nursing education with medical education in certain respects, yet they ignore the analogy where it seems to me most pertinent to the current discussion. Medicine has never attempted to repudiate its "apprenticeship" aspects, as nursing is now doing. A medical student has two years of theory, and then moves onto the wards and has two years of practice with patients, under the close and watchful supervision of his superiors. Even then, no medical student thinks of going into practice the day after graduation. He realizes that in spite of what he has learned in his last two years of medical school, he still needs a minimum of one year, and preferably three or four years, after graduation before he feels competent to hang out his shingle. The entire internship and residency program is nothing more than repetitive practice under close supervision, with gradually increasing responsibility.
>
> Although the nurses' analogy between medical and nursing education might appear to have validity in that both have striven to raise their standards, it fails to recognize that the end result we see in medical education today is being criticized on all sides. It is far from a desirable pattern for nursing education to follow. The doctor shortage today is just as serious as the nursing shortage. Every doctor wants to be a specialist; no one wants to take care of the legitimate demands of the public for a personal physician who is available when needed.

Perhaps the key to resolution of the problem lies in the element of the situation that caused Dr. Luther Christman, associate professor of nursing at the University of Michigan and a member of the board of directors of the American Nurses' Association, to accept a proffered appointment as dean of nursing at Vanderbilt University starting next July 1. "I found," he told me by telephone, "that the doctors and the nurses at Vanderbilt are eager to work together to serve their patients to the utmost limit of their combined abilities and resources."

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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THE UNWITTING RIVAL:

By C. P. SNOW

IN SEPTEMBER 1934 I published *The Search*. It had a good reception. Publishers were bidding for me: One was trying to bring off an arrangement with an American firm by which they jointly guaranteed me an income for three years, so as to extricate me from Cambridge and send me off to write by the Mediterranean. In those days, for some esoteric reason, it was considered almost impossible to write except on the shores of the Mediterranean. All this was, of course, gratifying. Later that autumn a letter arrived on my breakfast table in college, addressed in an unknown handwriting, small and elegant.

It was signed H. G. Wells. He had read my book with the liveliest interest and sympathy, he said. Would I come up to London for lunch?

He was living at that time in a flat in Chiltern Court, next door to Baker Street Station. It was the same block of flats in which Arnold Bennett had died, four years before. With my usual obsessive punctuality, I arrived on time. I was shown into a small sitting room and told that Mr. Wells would join me. The minutes passed. I spent some of them staring down from the window into Baker Street. It was a horrible dark November day—clouds hanging over the roof tops—a Holmes-and-Watson day—pouring with rain.

I had been asked for 1 p.m., and it was after half-past. I was beginning to wonder what had gone wrong when the door opened. A small rotund form entered. "Ah, it's you," he said in that voice, at the same time hoarse and high-pitched, which no one ever exactly imitated. "They told me you were here."

I thought that was a bit unnecessary. So perhaps did he, for then he apologized for being late. As he did so, I could not help but realize that there was something on his mind. In his turn he walked over to the window, and stood with his back to me, looking at the rain.

"You're married, aren't you, Snow?" he said without turning round.

I replied that I was not.

"Anyway," he addressed the dismal street, "I could see from your book that you knew some things."

He was extremely glum. Why had he not a wife to look after him? Why had neither of us wives to look after us? Why, in particular, would someone called Moura not marry him?

This I found a very difficult question, since I had met him only for ten minutes and had never heard of Moura. I tried to cheer him up, though for me the conversation was scraping uncomfortably near the bone: I had recently lost someone whom I had much wanted to marry.

Why were we unluckier than other men, Wells demanded. It was impossible to understand Moura. She was willing and happy to live with him, but not to marry him. She was always short of money. If she married him, she would be secure for the rest of her life. What reasons could I suggest for her behavior? It was a good deal later before we sat down at last to lunch.

Lunch did not relieve the gloom. Wells was having a special diet and ate very little; I had a small lamb chop and some mashed potatoes. We had a bottle of wine, but Wells, who never drank much, took only half a glass. Occasionally he got off the subject of marriage. He was taking my novel as though it were straight, factual, autobiography: Nothing teaches writers, not even their own books. He assumed that I had had a disappointment in research, and so wanted to give it up. He didn't want me to. He had always wished that he had stayed a scientist. No doubt the scientific life had its dangers and its setbacks. No doubt it bruised one's ego as a literary life did. But it must be much more satisfying. And when one's work was done, what human honor could compare with the plain Mr. F.R.S.?

I remembered he had said something like that in one of his early books. Was it *The Food of the Gods*? No, he didn't want to talk about his books; he wasn't interested in them. He wanted to talk about marriage, Moura, and the scientific life.

Then Moura herself entered. She had forgotten her latchkey, she said. She was a woman in early middle age, handsome, dashing, strong as Mother Russia. I didn't know anything of her heritage or history, I didn't even know her surname, but I gathered that she was Russian, probably an aristocrat, but on close terms with post-revolutionary writers.

She sat down at the table and with gusto helped me finish the bottle of wine. She gave out well-being, she was cheerful. The temperature of the party began to rise. Wells was looking at her with love and irritation. She talked to him with down-to-earth affection. But Wells's irritation grew when she also talked to me. I have her permission to make this comment: We have been friends for many years, in fact since that first meeting. She liked the company of men. She had always had an interest in intelligent young men, especially if they had literary inclinations. She was interested in me, and showed it. Wells disapproved. It was getting on for 4:00, and he made it clear that it was time I went. Come back and see us soon, said Moura. But I was not invited to Chiltern Court again, though I met him a good many times away from home.

I became very fond of him, though I doubt whether I picked up very much that I could not have divined from his books. He was marvelously inventive, but that anyone can read for himself. In the scientific romances, such as *The First Men in the Moon* and *The War of the Worlds*, he invented more literary devices than most people do in their whole career. He was just as inventive when he applied his mind to games for children—or to war. Between 1900 and 1914 he made a whole set of practical prophecies, including the concepts of the tank and the military aircraft.

• • •

IT was a great gift. It gained him instant recognition. As soon as *The Time Machine* and *The War of the Worlds* were published, he was known as a writer; he became comfortably off. His health improved. In 1900, when he was thirty-four, he was already started on his second public career, the one he thought more urgent than a novelist's, as the great educator of his time. The great educator of unlikely people, incidentally. *He is a seer*, wrote Winston Churchill when Wells was a very old man.

It is no use regretting this. Wells could no more avoid teaching than Tolstoy could. It was part of him. If it hadn't been part of him, his best straight novels —*Tono-Bungay*, *Kipps*, *The History of Mr. Polly*—would have been different

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The text on this and the following page is a preview of C. P. [Lord] Snow's newest book, *Variety of Men*, which Charles Scribner's Sons will publish on April 24. The text is copyright ©1966 by C. P. Snow.

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Or, How Not to Advise the Lovelorn

books. But this didactic fiber—which, by the by, a number of the greatest artists have possessed—was, I think, strengthened by the tumults of his sexual life. He wanted, as most of us do, to justify himself. He wanted a society into which his life would fit. And that would take a pretty major transformation of society, for his life was a very odd one.

LIKE Dickens, whom he resembled in more ways than one, he was a man of strong sexuality. Like Dickens, in his early manhood he was a bad picker. He fell passionately in love with his cousin, who seems to have been a nice simple girl. He married her, defying illness and penury—and then found that, though she was fond of him, she couldn't give him any response. As far as he was concerned, she was frigid. After a year or two, Wells ran off with a student of his.

That all sounds in character for an active, impatient man. But there were two singularities. The first was that he stayed in love with his cousin for years, long after they had been divorced and he had married his student. Somehow his cousin had captured his sexual imagination. The second singularity was that his second wife, who was intelligent and charming and who looked after him until he died, also could not give him the kind of love he wanted.

So far the pattern is like Dickens's. For Dickens, after his years of a deadening marriage, broke it all up and went to Ellen Ternan—with whom he had a miserable time. But that happened when Dickens was middle-aged. Wells was still young at the time of his second marriage. He was also, underneath his Little Man comedy, a much more ruthless man than Dickens. Wells knew what he was going to take from life: He would only get it if he took it—he was just not going to be cheated. So his second wife became and remained a loving ally—it was a curious and touching relation—and Wells searched for joy, passion, love affairs, excitement, total love, elsewhere.

He searched, it should be said, with remarkable efficacy. He was nothing much to look at; he was short, and when his health established itself in his mid-thirties, he promptly became tubby. He was always slightly ashamed of his physique and of his squeaky voice. All he had to offer on the surface was a fine forehead, and beautiful, sad, unworldly, imaginative eyes. But he rapidly discovered that, as he liked to say, love can compel love: Desire can certainly compel desire. He was great fun, a wonderful talker; he wanted women—it did not take long for women to want him.

He chose for his major loves (or they chose him) some of the most remarkable women of his time. One can trace the effect not only of their attractiveness but of their intelligence in semi-autobiographical projections such as *Ann Veronica*, *The New Machiavelli*, and *The World of William Clissold*. It was by any odds an unusual life. It aroused both the envy and the disapproval of his contemporaries; he paid no attention, he was set on wringing out of existence all that in his bitter youth he had dreamed of.

These complications—for, though it was an adventurous life, it was, of course, not an easy one—helped shape his vision of a new society and a new enlightenment. The new society would be founded on science; no one could stop it; poverty, hunger, the material miseries of the poor, were an insult to man's intelligence and would be swept away. And also, out of this scientific revolution would come a new enlightenment in which people would break free from sexual traditions and enjoy themselves far more gloriously.....

Those dots were a trick of his and look odd today. So does a lot of his emancipatory thinking. Yet even though he was rationalizing his own life, some of it has come true in the Western world. And certainly this part of his message, quite as much as the sober scientific foresight, made him an influence on the intelligent young for thirty years. So much an influence, in fact, that most of his preaching will not be read again. It has sunk into the common assumptions. Some books of his, though, are being increasingly reread. By a pleasing irony they are those which sparkle with those native gifts he took so lightly.

PEOPLE have tried to disparage his social thinking by saying that he was optimistic. And since that is the harshest charge which can be brought against any modern writer, they think they need say no more. In fact, in the sense the criticism is intended, it is nonsense. Wells was about as much inclined as St. Augustine to think men were naturally good, or naturally wise. His temperament forbade it: and if his temperament had not done so, his education would have. For whatever evolutionary theory taught, it was not a belief in the survival value of the sweet and innocent. He *did* believe that in man's crawl out from the caves up to the ramshackle society of 1900, the human species had acquired a bit more control over its own fate and that it was no longer necessary for most of the human race to live hungry and die early. In his impatient fashion, he believed that this revolution could take place more quickly than it has done. If that is blind optimism, give us more of it.

C. P. (LORD) SNOW IS NOTED as a novelist but is probably more famous as author of the essay titled, *The Two Cultures*. His best known accusation against the so-called humanitarian culture, as opposed to the so-called scientific culture, is that humanitarians tend to remain ignorant of the second law of thermodynamics. Anyone subject to love affairs knows this law empirically without necessarily being able to elucidate it as a theoretical statement. Two very funny humanitarians who share Lord Snow's English birthright—Michael Flanders (left, above) and Donald Swann (at the piano)—have fitted the second law of thermodynamics to their own peculiar form of music in a revue called *The Drop of Another Hat*. With unexpectedly accurate popularization of scientific phraseology throughout, they have been enlightening audiences at the Booth Theatre in New York City since last December 27. The lyrics of the Flanders-Swann version of the "second law" are not reproduced here because the printer has no appropriate symbols for the thumps with which the phrasing is punctuated.

—J.L.

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By GRANT SWINGER

THE GENESIS and history of the National Animal Speech Agency (NASA) are too well known to require detailed treatment before this audience. But, as one who has been privileged to witness the development and growth of this remarkable organization, I believe it would be useful to set forth a few points that perhaps have been overlooked in the general rush of events.

As will be recalled, NASA's incredible growth had its origins in the President's challenge to the nation "to teach an animal to speak in this decade." It has been contended, of course, that the challenge was simply a device to divert attention from the failure of certain foreign ventures. But a more realistic view, I contend, is that both the presentation and the acceptance of this challenge were inevitable consequences of national dynamics. Clearly, any nation that aspires to greatness cannot assent to a subordinate position in a technology so rich in military, economic, and cultural implications.

Be that as it may, the fact is that the acceptance of the challenge released a stream of energies of unparalleled dimensions in our nation's history. Let us briefly consider just a very few of the multitudinous consequences of that decision. "To teach an animal to speak in this decade" is a goal that can be stated in less than a breathful of words, but, as we are all well aware, it is a goal whose attainment has required a marshaling of effort and excellence that is remaking the nation.

Look back, for example, at the uncertainties that faced those few administrators, scientists, and engineers who courageously developed this proposal. Teach an animal to speak. Yes, but which animal? And what should the animal be taught to say? At the present time, when we estimate that we are two-thirds along the way in this great national undertaking, such questions seem elementary and remote. But it is necessary to recognize that just a very few years ago these questions symbolized matters of the greatest uncertainty. Fortunately, the nation had the services of several men of great foresight, courage, and experience to lead the way. For, let us not forget those skillful few who, in now happily forgotten days of strife, had pioneered in this great work. To our great gain, in those bygone days they had developed a primitive technology of animal speech. This speech, it must be acknowledged, was of the most scurrilous, vituperative, and vile nature, but it is difficult to argue with the explanation that in those long-ago circumstances the men who taught animals to speak could not be held responsible for what the animals chose to say.

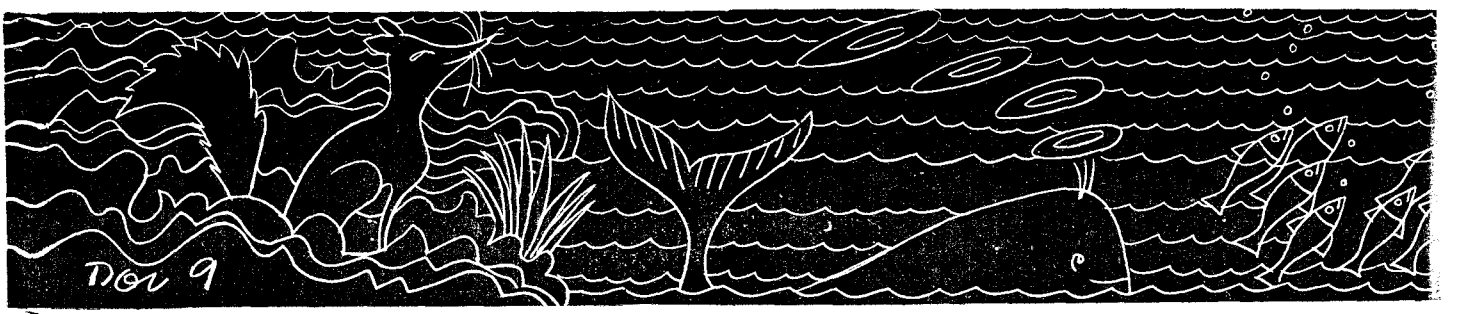
Now, there is no need to dwell on the vast amount of uninformed carping that has been directed at this program. Success, needless to say, speaks for itself, but, if Project Mother Goose had to defend itself, there would of course be no difficulty in justifying the admittedly vast expenditures that it has entailed. In terms of pushing back the frontiers of knowledge, the project has been an unprecedented boon to virtually every scientific discipline. The initial phase, as we all know, required the collaborative efforts of zoologists and geographers to inventory the possible subjects; psychologists, physiologists, and linguists to develop a theory of animal speech; audio-engineers, biologists, and veterinary surgeons to tackle the once seemingly impossible problems of somatic reconstruction necessary for success. Out of these efforts have come many intellectual triumphs, not the least of which is a new scientific discipline, low-temperature linguistics; while the objectives, methods, and purposes of this new field of scientific pioneering are yet to be determined, its work proceeds at a rapid pace, for which we are all grateful.

And let us not forget the great variety of other disciplines that have been drawn into the project: the legal scholars, for example, who, with great foresight, have been wrestling with the problem of the admissibility of animal testimony in legal proceedings. All these efforts, needless to say, have spun off valuable products and techniques of immeasurable worth to the nation's economy. In fact, if the project can claim no more than invention of the re-usable tongue depressor, now in an advanced stage of development, it will have more than paid for itself in social worth.

Under the newly established University Program for the Comprehensive Handling and Utilization of Knowledge, known as Project UPCHUK, we are diligently searching for still other applications of the knowledge that has been specifically developed for Mother Goose.

Furthermore, how can one compute in dollars the value of the scientific stimulation that has resulted from the project? I cannot assign a price tag to this factor, but I think it can be easily argued that we have all benefited from the at times violent debate that has raged over whether the mule is essentially bass or baritone. In these speculative controversies, I believe it is no exaggeration to say, careers have been placed on the line, and we all eagerly await the outcome.

THE first stages of the project were, as we all remember, halting and cautious but, at the same time, immensely encouraging. When Owl-I mounted the podium at the Center and, before the eyes and ears of the world, uttered the first word of "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Oh," there were those who scoffed, those who contended it was not a word, those who, with not a few snickers, pointed out that a Soviet ox had already recited the first four words of the *Internationale*. Well, so it had, but we started late, and we had to pay for our



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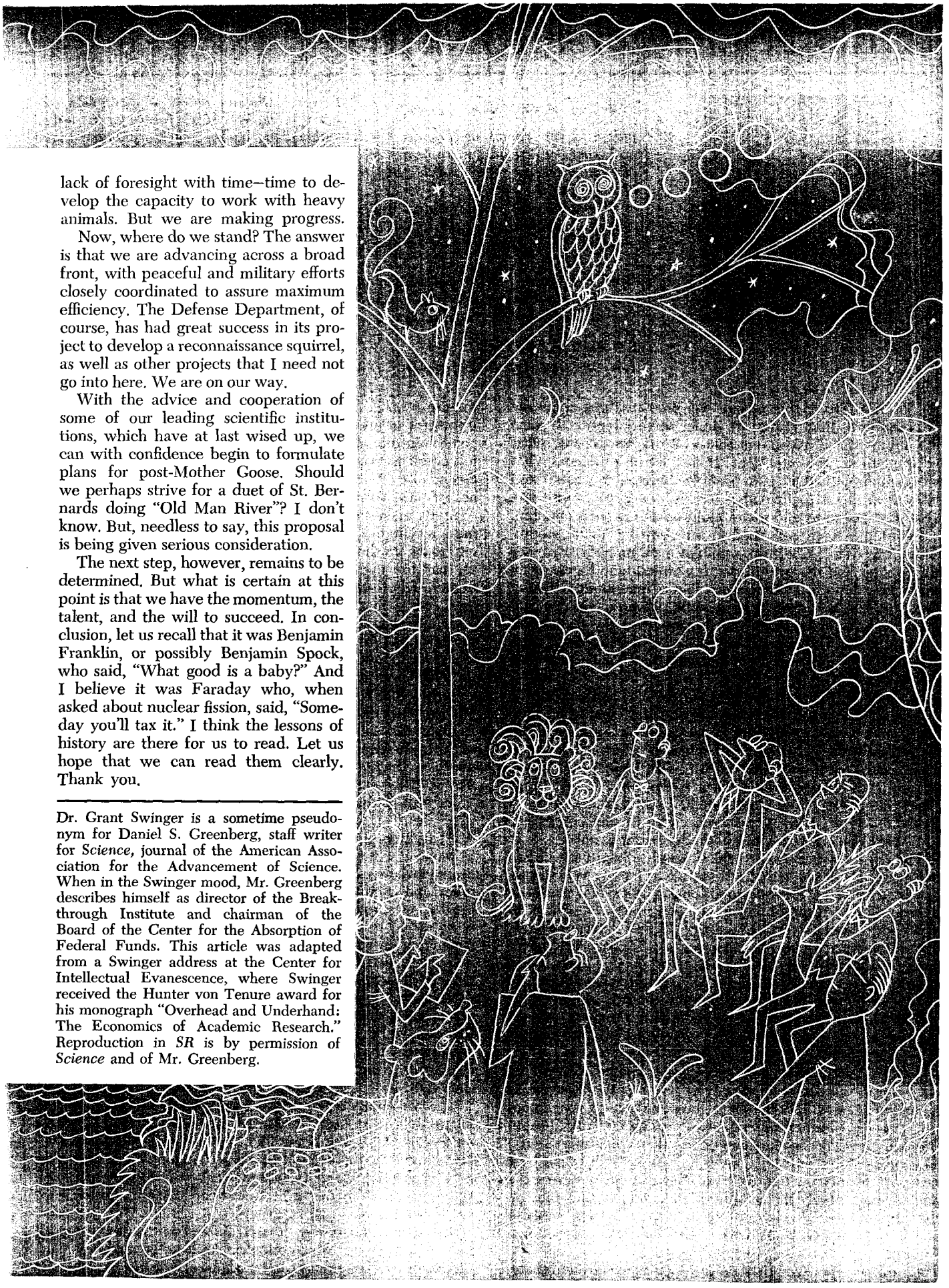
lack of foresight with time—time to develop the capacity to work with heavy animals. But we are making progress.

Now, where do we stand? The answer is that we are advancing across a broad front, with peaceful and military efforts closely coordinated to assure maximum efficiency. The Defense Department, of course, has had great success in its project to develop a reconnaissance squirrel, as well as other projects that I need not go into here. We are on our way.

With the advice and cooperation of some of our leading scientific institutions, which have at last wised up, we can with confidence begin to formulate plans for post-Mother Goose. Should we perhaps strive for a duet of St. Bernards doing "Old Man River"? I don't know. But, needless to say, this proposal is being given serious consideration.

The next step, however, remains to be determined. But what is certain at this point is that we have the momentum, the talent, and the will to succeed. In conclusion, let us recall that it was Benjamin Franklin, or possibly Benjamin Spock, who said, "What good is a baby?" And I believe it was Faraday who, when asked about nuclear fission, said, "Someday you'll tax it." I think the lessons of history are there for us to read. Let us hope that we can read them clearly. Thank you.

Dr. Grant Swinger is a sometime pseudonym for Daniel S. Greenberg, staff writer for *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. When in the Swinger mood, Mr. Greenberg describes himself as director of the Breakthrough Institute and chairman of the Board of the Center for the Absorption of Federal Funds. This article was adapted from a Swinger address at the Center for Intellectual Evanescence, where Swinger received the Hunter von Tenure award for his monograph "Overhead and Underhand: The Economics of Academic Research." Reproduction in *SR* is by permission of *Science* and of Mr. Greenberg.



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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—University of Wisconsin.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Into a widening dawn of awareness of need to consider man's future on the only planet he has known as a home. Earth's atmosphere has become so polluted that immediate effects on human health are beginning to be observable. The long-range consequences are more subtle; but these, too, are now asserting themselves as changes in the climate.*

The March 1967 issue of the "Bulletin of the American Meteorological Society" carries a report written jointly by a meteorologist and an archeologist under the heading: "Possibilities of Major Climatic Modification and their Implications: Northwest India, A Case for Study." The meteorologist-author of this paper is Professor Reid A. Bryson, head of the largest meteorology department at any university in America—the University of Wisconsin. The archeologist-author is David A. Baerreis, also of the Wisconsin faculty. Because of the strong technical flavor of their work,

BY REID A. BRYSON
University of Wisconsin

IT'S NOT TRUE that no one ever does anything about the weather. Many things are done: some intentional, some unintentional. Assuming that as a rule we do only what we want to do, the intentional things are no problem. What we do unintentionally is a problem because we can't stop doing it until we realize what we are doing and appreciate what it means to us and to our children and to their children.

To set the stage, let's look at intentional climatic modification. Ever since the first primitive man threw a skin over his shoulder and discovered that it warmed him, he has been practicing climatic modification. Later, man built a house. This was climatic control on a scale of yards. On the still larger scale of acres, man has also modified the climate by planting trees. The climate under the trees is different from that in the open air. Irrigation changes the climate on a scale of square miles.

In the last few years there has been considerable discussion of the possibility of modifying the climate of even larger areas. You have read in one place or another about the possibility of cloud seeding. Whether or not it is successful is a different question which we won't look at today. It is thought that introduction of silver iodide crystals into every cloud that comes along might, under ideal circumstances, increase the rainfall by 10 per cent under certain conditions. This would be on a scale of hundreds of square miles.

The most obvious way in which man has modified climate unconsciously is through the building of cities. When man builds a city he builds waterproof houses and paves streets so they will be waterproof. He may waterproof as much as 50 to 60 per cent of the area of the city. In this waterproof area, the water runs off rather than soaks in. There are fewer trees in the city and less grass than in the open countryside, so they don't transpire as much water vapor into the air. Consequently, the city is drier, and the surface underfoot is drier than in the open countryside. Any dust that gets on that surface may be stirred up to mix with thousands of tons of smoke per day that is put out by city chimneys.

The combined effect is to change the composition of the air. City air may carry anywhere from ten to 10,000 times as many particles as does the air in the open country. Megalopolis (that great metropolitan area extending from Boston through New York to Washington) is almost continuous city. The air passing over Megalopolis increases its dust load by a factor of twenty on the average. This dust load lowers the amount and affects the quality of the sunlight that falls on the city. An average city gets up to 30 per cent less sunlight and 90 per cent less ultraviolet light than falls on the open country.

Cities have more fog than do the open spaces around them. And it rains about 10 per cent more in cities than in the surrounding areas. Actually, there is a small reduction in the frequency of rain on Sundays and holidays, which is a pretty good indication that the smoke produced by industry, providing condensation nuclei for raindrops, is involved. There is less smoke on the weekend because there is less industrial activity, and therefore less rain.

A city makes its own temperature regime, mostly by keeping the night warmer. The concrete pavement of the city soaks up the heat during the day and releases it at night so that the nighttime minimum temperatures are actually higher. The frost-free season in Chicago, for example, is 197 days, while in the surrounding counties it's only 167 days. That makes a whole month difference from the last frost in the spring to the first frost in the fall.

As cities grow, the portion of the earth's surface over which the climate is modified gets larger and larger. The effect of waterproofing the surface is starting to spread out into the open countryside also. An interesting little piece of research that you can do for yourself is to look up how many miles of highway there are in the United States, then take an average width for the highway, and compare the square miles of highway with the area of the United States. You'll find that about 1 per cent of the United States is paved.

OUR scale of inadvertent climatic modification is now up to hundreds of square miles. Now let's take a scale of hundreds of thousands of square miles, say half a million square miles, and see if there has been any inadvertent climatic modification. On this point, I cannot refer you to an extensive body of literature because there isn't very much. There are a few comments on the effect of deforestation. A few people say that the Near East, from Israel to Baluchistan, hasn't always been as desert-like as it now is. They say that sometime in the past, human activity destroyed the plant cover on the surface of the earth, thus destroyed the soil and modified the climate. For each of the articles that says this is the case, I can show you another that says it isn't. This discussion has gone on for a long time, but little of the commentary is based on really thorough studies.

The University of Wisconsin has been conducting research in the Rajputana desert of northwestern India. In the southern part of this desert about four inches of rain falls per year—comparable to the rainfall of Yuma, Arizona. The northern part of the Rajputana (sometimes called the Rajasthan) receives about 15 inches of rain per year—comparable to Denver, Colorado.

This particular desert doesn't quite seem to fit the world pattern of deserts. Meteorological knowledge suggests that the Rajputana area ought to be semiarid, but not necessarily desert. If all the moisture in the air over northwestern India

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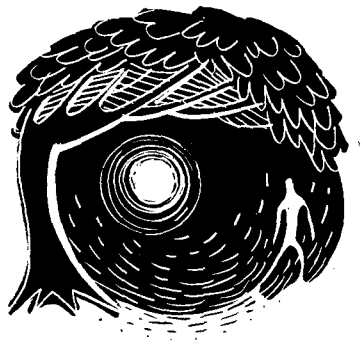
SR's science editor asked Professor Bryson for a more popular interpretation of the Indian study and its meaning to other parts of the planet. Professor Bryson complied with an adaptation of a talk he had given to Wisconsin students. His text is reproduced in the columns below and on succeeding pages.

Professor Bryson, now forty-six years old, is a native of Detroit. He majored in geology at Denison University, then went to Wisconsin as a graduate geologist. The Air Force picked him up there, for service in World War II, and turned him into a meteorology student. After getting a Ph.D. in meteorology at the University of Chicago, he returned to Wisconsin to teach geology and geography. In 1948, he founded the department of meteorology at Wisconsin as a one-man enterprise. In 1962, en route to a scientific conference in Malaya, he flew across India but couldn't see India because of dust in the air. Since then the mystery of the Rajputana desert has never let go of his imagination.



were to be precipitated out, it would make a layer of water about four centimeters deep. In most deserts it would be about one centimeter. In the wettest place on earth, the depth would be about five centimeters.

The Rajputana desert is strange because in the air above it there is as much moisture as there is above Panama, or the Amazon Valley, or the Congo, notorious sites of heavy rain.

WHY, then, is this Indian desert a desert?

Deserts, in general, are regions where the air is sinking. As the air sinks, it moves to a level of higher pressure, which compresses the air. When air is compressed it warms, and its capacity to hold moisture increases. But no moisture is added, so the relative humidity of the air goes down. In other words, the air becomes drier and drier.

An Indian scholar, Dr. P. K. Das, has measured the sinking of the air over the Rajputana. Das calculated how much the air sinks and how much radiative cooling would be required in order to maintain the observed rate of sinking. He assumed that the usual constituents of air were present: oxygen, nitrogen, argon, water vapor, carbon dioxide, and a little bit of ozone. The latter three have important radiative effects. He calculated how fast air so constituted would cool. He came out with the wrong number—it simply didn't fit the rate that the air had to cool in order to account for the sinking motion which was observed.

In 1962, I had flown across northern India. I had been struck by my inability to see India from the plane. I knew India was down there, but I couldn't see it, though there were no clouds. I couldn't see India because the air was full of dust. In 1963, I went back to measure the effect of this dust on the radiative cooling of the air. I found that the presence of the dust explained why Das's calculations (which didn't include the effect of dust in the air) didn't fit the real situation over the Rajputana.

How much dust is there over the Rajputana? According to measurements we took in the spring of 1966, every square mile of northwestern India has about five and a half tons of fine dust suspended above it. This amount of dust is greater than the amount over the smokiest, haziest, foggiest city on earth. It is enough to explain about a 50 per cent increase in the sinking rate of the air.

Suppose we had a big filter that could clean the air over northwestern India. What could that accomplish? It would lessen the turbidity of the air, the air would sink less, there would be more chance for showers, and the area wouldn't be quite so arid.

Where does the dust come from? Perhaps we don't have to filter it out of the air. We may be able to stop it from getting into the air.

Generally speaking, we know that smoke or dust is most dense near its source. Anyone who flies across India, Persia, Arabia, and Burma can see where the dust is most dense—right over the desert. This suggests that the desert itself is the source of the dust and, in fact, the dust can be seen rolling up off the surface.

There is little irrigation to speak of in the Rajputana. Farmers in the midst of the desert manage to grow 30 pounds of grain per acre per year—not 30 bushels, but 30 pounds. That's a miserable yield, it can maintain only the lowest level of human subsistence.

This same desert at one time in the past was occupied by a vast agricultural empire. The Harappan people inhabited the cities of Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro at the same time that Sumer was flourishing. Up to 1500 B.C. this region of northwestern India and eastern West Pakistan was the home of the Harappans. How did they maintain such a high level of agriculture in what is now a desert?

We don't know the answer to that, but let's speculate. Suppose the Harappans moved into an area of grassland and started farming it. They got good yields and their cows had enough grass on which to graze. We know that they raised cows and pigs and grew grain. The Harappans flourished and their population grew—the people farmed more area more intensely. They destroyed the grass cover of the land and the wind blew the dust into the air, just as it did in our American Great Plains area during the dust bowl years. The dust changed the rate at which the atmosphere subsided, and with this change the area became more desert-like. As the climate gets drier, any people tries a little harder to grow enough food to supply the population if the population is dense and not very mobile. This means tearing up more of the surface and loosening more dust to blow into the air.

Around 1500 B.C., the Harappans disappeared.

One theory of the disappearance is that the Aryans came down from the north, captured the Harappans, and took over. The trouble with this theory is that the Aryans didn't move in until a thousand years after the Harappans were gone. Much of the area was abandoned from 1500 B.C. to 500 B.C.

The people who did move in didn't constitute a vast agricultural empire. They had straggly little villages which apparently lived on the last remnants of available water.

I would guess that the Harappans misused their land and turned it into a desert. After the Harappans were gone a thousand years, nature managed to heal the scars so that some people could move in and use the land, but not at the level at which it had been used a thousand years earlier.

If the Harappans created a desert by misusing the surface of the land and destroying its growing capacity, can this pro-

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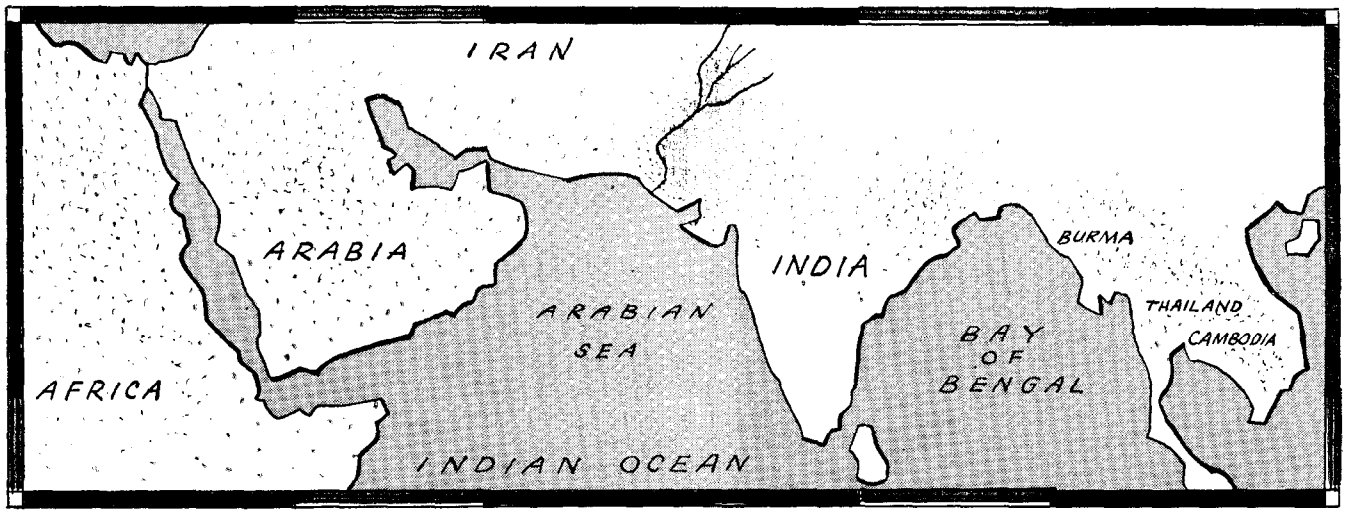

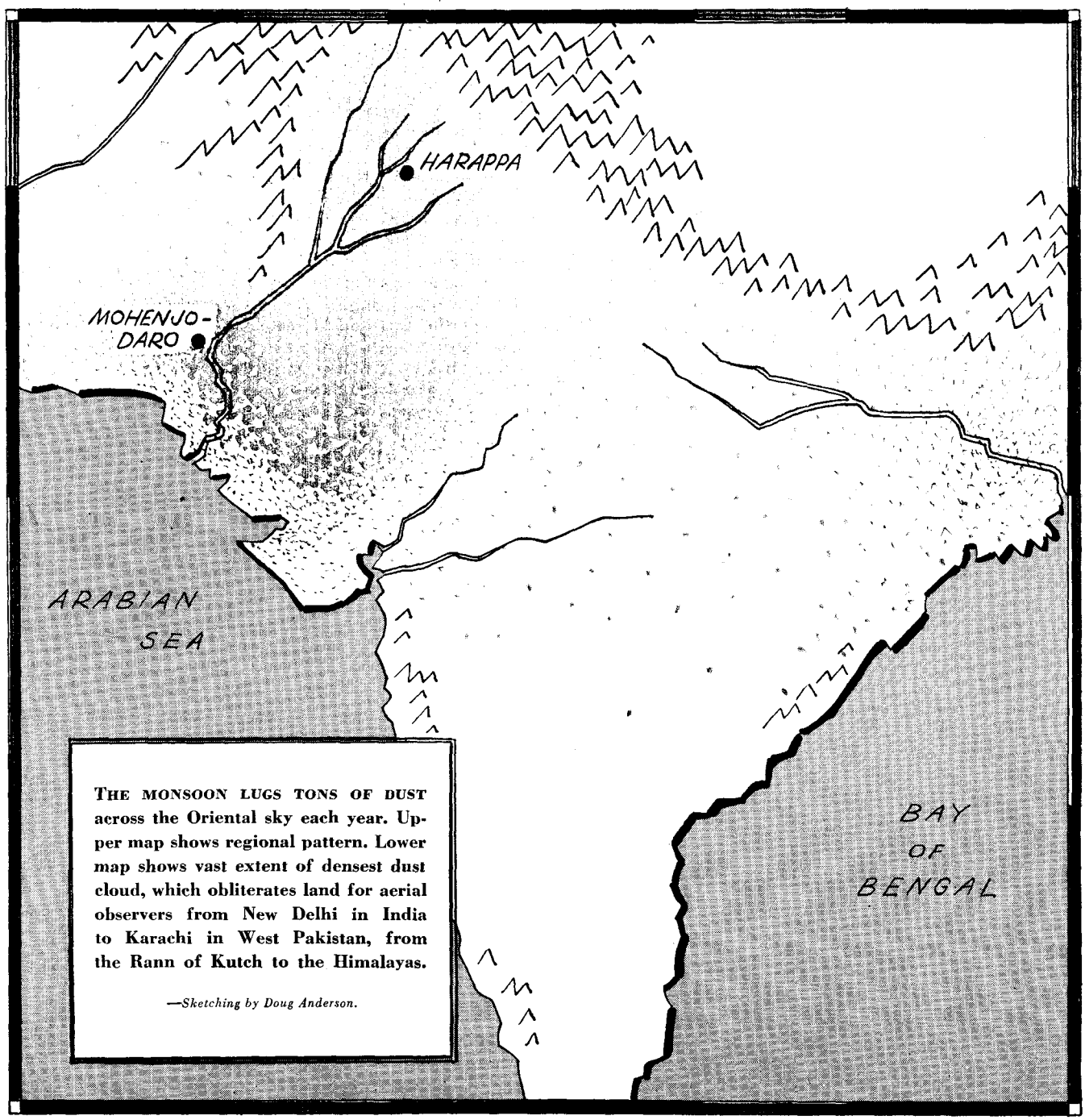

THE MONSOON LUGS TONS OF DUST across the Oriental sky each year. Upper map shows regional pattern. Lower map shows vast extent of densest dust cloud, which obliterates land for aerial observers from New Delhi in India to Karachi in West Pakistan, from the Rann of Kutch to the Himalayas.

—Sketching by Doug Anderson.

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cess be reversed? Can we go back and change the Rajputana desert into productive land? I think so.

There is a research program sponsored by the University of Wisconsin, the Government of India, the Office of Naval Research of the United States Navy, the National Science Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, and the United States Weather Bureau [Environmental Science Services Administration]. Centered at the University of Wisconsin, this program is concerned with establishing a scientific basis for returning the Rajputana to usefulness.

How do we propose to do it? We don't know yet, but something like the following might work. Suppose one could persuade grass to grow on the surface. Rain sometimes falls in the Rajputana. Grass seed could be planted over the whole area (let's say spread by an airplane), and after the rains the grass would take root and anchor the soil. With the soil anchored, there would be less dust. With less dust in the air, the air would sink less. With less sinking, there would be more rain. More rain would support more grass and more grass would hold down more dust.

The grass alone won't do the trick unless man is willing to cooperate. We learned that much in Wisconsin, on our dairy cattle farms. When we let the cows range freely in the pastures, they wore the ground to such a degree that the forage thinned. Now we pen the cattle and carry the hay to them.

When I visited India the last time in January 1967, I noticed that a group of Indian scientists were trying a variation of our Wisconsin philosophy. A few miles outside the city of Jodhpur, they built a fence around 40 acres of the Rajputana desert. The wire of which the fence was made was strong enough to hold off goats and men. Within the enclosure, nothing was planted. The fenced earth was not even watered. Yet, at the end of two years, the experimenters—associated with India's Central Arid Zone Research Institute—found wild grass growing all over their 40-acre plot. Seeds carried by the wind had taken root and, in the absence of eroding feet, put forth progeny that not only survived but multiplied.

Can we consider the whole earth from this point of view? According to Robert McCormick, of the Environmental Science Services Administration in Cincinnati, the observed dustiness of the air over the United States, outside the cities, doubled from 1957 to 1963. And our country is not the only offender. European cities are also producing big clouds of smoke and dust. Even the relatively unindustrialized countries of Asia and Africa are producing fantastic amounts of smoke and dust.

At such places as Hawaii, isolated by vast stretches of the Pacific Ocean, where one is as far as possible from sources of atmospheric dust pollution, data show that in the last ten years or so the turbidity of the atmosphere has increased by 30 per cent. It's not quite that bad at the North and South Poles, but the problem is present even in the polar regions. Since 1950 the earth has cooled off as much as it warmed up in the previous 150 years. The amount it has cooled off is easily within the range of effect of the increase in dust in the atmosphere.

Temperatures today are comparable to those of the 1830s. Records of the 1830s contain some interesting comments, such as: "Portage, Wisconsin, July 1, 1838. Light snow last night." There were frequent references to frost in midsummer. In New England in the summer of 1816 there was frost and snow every month of the year. The temperatures dropped so low in southern Ohio that year that the corn crop was destroyed. The average position of the southern edge of the cold air which characterizes Canada was 500 miles farther south. In the early 1800s the eastern seaboard of the United States was hot and dry in summer. In the last few years the East again has been hot and dry in summer, and Wisconsin has had midsummer frosts.

I think it probable that man has inadvertently modified the climate of the earth. He should begin to think seriously of ways to dust off the future.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

The Volcano's Role

As it takes surface mail from nine to fifteen weeks to bring the *Saturday Review* to South India, you will pardon what may seem delayed reaction to your very informative article on "The Volcano That Shaped the Western World" [SR, Nov. 5, 1966].

Could the Santorini volcano's effects be extended farther east? Do the Carbon-14 tests raise or deny the possibility of a common date and a common catastrophe for three ancient "high" civilizations? Lying on approximately the same "great circle" are cities whose destruction were evidently sudden and by fire: Cnossus in Crete, Troy in Asia Minor, and, in India, the cities of Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa.

F. A. Smith.

Bangalore, India.

I have just read your brilliant article on "The Volcano That Shaped the Western World." It seemed worth searching to see whether any other civilization disappeared about 1400 B.C. To my surprise I found that the Indus Valley civilization that left the buried cities of Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa flourished between 1700 and 1500 B.C. (This is according to Ivar Lissner's *The Living Past*; some other writers give different dates). The civilization seems suddenly to have stopped then. Since the dating of the Indus Valley civilization is based on comparison of Sumerian and Mohenjaro-Daro seals and pottery, the dating must be very approximate. The disappearance may have occurred in 1400 B.C.

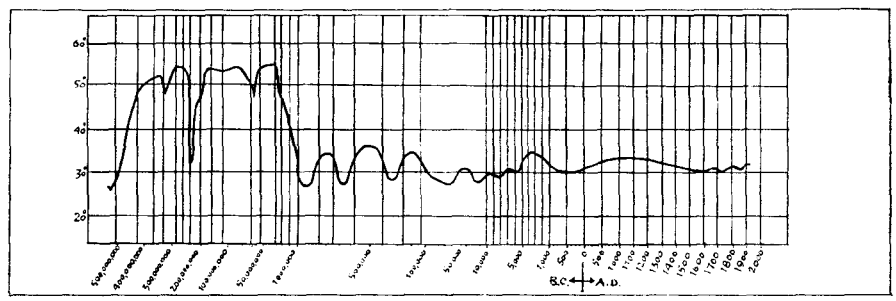
It is not suggested that the earthquake which ruined Crete could have demolished Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa. But your diagram shows that winds swept over India, and we know that the dust of Krakatau discolored the sunsets for years afterwards. The Indus is on the Mediterranean side of India; in your diagram, it is situated just where the gales would roar over the land. The Harappan people (and perhaps others not yet identified) may have taken the dust as a sign from heaven—no doubt interpreted as anger of the gods. This meant they were to pack up and go somewhere else—which they did forthwith.

Clifford Allen, M.D.

North Wales, U.K.

Editor's note: *Professor Reid A. Bryson [see* The Research Frontier*] has read SR's report on the Santorini volcano but has not studied the possible relationships between the Santorini eruption of 1400* B.C. *and the disappearance of the Harappan people from the Rajputana region of India. He believes, however, that volcanoes have played a dominant role in climate.*

Some interesting addenda to the Santorini story have appeared in the literature



—Doug Anderson, after Bernhard Kummel's "History of the Earth" (W. H. Freeman and Co., 1961).

This graphical interpretation of past climatic change on earth is derived mainly from E. Dorf's synopsis of study of fossil marine invertebrates, vertebrate animals, and plants (*Weatherwise*, 1957). Read upward from bottom of left margin for centigrade temperatures in planet's north temperate zone. Read from left to right across bottom for chronology in years.

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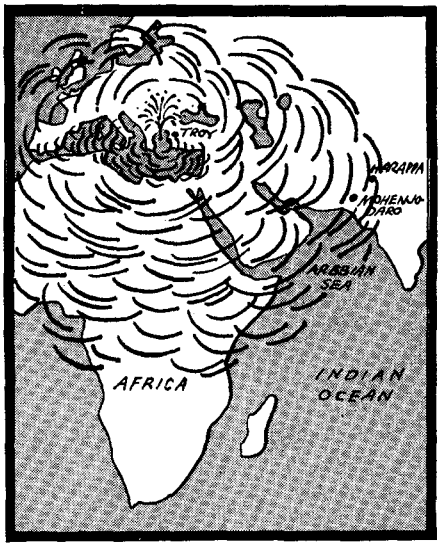

—Doug Anderson.

Map above places ancient cities of Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa in relation to estimated air blast effects of Santorini eruption in 1400 B.C.

since SR's report was published last November. From the strictly scientific point of view, the most important of these was a paper printed in "Nature" by Lamont Observatory geologist Dr. Bruce Heezen and a colleague of his at Lamont, Dragoslav Ninkovich. These two men had earlier verified the dates of two Santorini eruptions (25,000 or more years ago and 1400 B.C.) from cores drilled in the floor of the Aegean and Mediterranean Seas. Their more recent paper in "Nature" shows that volcanic ash buried under a large oval-shaped area of the Mediterranean bottom is identical in chemical composition to the 100-foot-thick layer of ash covering the remains of the Santorini caldera that remain above water on Thera island north of Crete.

A Cambridge University Press book published in mid-December of 1966—"Discontinuity in Greek Civilization," by Rhys Carpenter, professor emeritus of classical archeology at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania—accepts the role played by the Santorini eruption in destruction of the Minoan civilization of Crete. Professor Carpenter also accepts the idea that Santorini was Plato's sunken island of Atlantis. Professor Carpenter further points out a phrase in Plato's account of Atlantis that other students had neglected. The phrase occurs in a passage from the dialogue "Critias" where an Egyptian priest is quoted in conversation with the Greek sage Solon. The passage reads:

'So this is the reason why among us here oldest traditions still prevail and whenever anything great or glorious or otherwise noteworthy occurs, it is written down and preserved in our temples; whereas among you and other nations that chance to be but recently endowed with the art of writing and civilized needs, at stated turn of years there has recurred like a plague brought down upon you a celestial current, leaving only an unlettered and uncivilized remnant; wherefore you have to begin all over again like children, without knowledge of what has taken place in older times either in our land or in yours. . . .'

Professor Carpenter in his book suggests that the "celestial current" the Egyptian priest held to be responsible for repeated dispersal of established civilizations through scourges of drought and famine was the trade wind belt. One shift of this belt, he observed, could account for movement of primitive humans from Siberia across Europe to the Atlantic coast of France, where today are found caves with walls covered by colored drawings of men hunting animals. Another shift could account for the presence in northern Africa of the Sahara Desert—which has roughly the same width on land as the trade wind belt does in the sky.

Below is a letter in which Professor Angelos G. Galanopoulos, director of the Seismological Institute of the National Observatory of Athens in Greece, refutes criticisms of SR's original report on the widespread influence of the Santorini eruption of 1400 B.C.

REFERRING TO the comments on "The Volcano That Shaped the Western World" [*SR*, Nov. 5], made by Captain Elliott Roberts [LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR, *SR*, Feb. 5], I would like to make these remarks:

In my first paper on the origin of the deluge of Deucalion and the myth of Atlantis there is the following statement: "The destruction of Minoan Crete started with severe earthquakes—on the south, east, and north side of the island—which possibly induced the explosion, was completed by the great earthquake, which accompanied the birth of the caldera" (*Annali di Geofisica*, vol. 13, 1960, p. 369).

The tsunami which followed the collapse of the central part of Santorini completely destroyed the Minoan fleet by which the "Minoan Empire," after Evans—or the "Atlantis Empire," after Solon—ruled trade in the eastern Mediterranean until the middle of the Bronze Age.

Regarding the size of Atlantis, I refer to my previous letter [*SR*, Dec. 3] and to the new article on Atlantis published by Mr. James W. Mavor, Jr., in the November issue of *Oceanus* [journal of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution]. The process of caldera formation could indeed not allow the maintenance of the pre-eruption morphology of the island as a whole, but it is hard to exclude the possibility of the maintenance of some traces of the original physiography of the island.

From geological data, it is well established that the tsunami started by the collapse of the central part of Santorini island surged at a height of about five meters northward of Jaffa/Tel Aviv (*Bulletin de l'Institute oceanographique*, no. 1192, Monaco 1960, p. 18).

Regarding the tsunami wave period: According to Professor R. Takahasi, president of the Tsunami Committee of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, and former director of the Earthquake Research Institute in Tokyo, "The predominating peaks (in the spectra of tsunami) fall in the bands of periods of 84 minutes and 58 minutes when the magnitude of the earthquake and accordingly the magnitude of the tsunami is large, while the peaks of the shorter period of 28 minutes and 21 minutes are liable to appear when the magnitude of the earthquake is small. Especially when the magnitude was as small as 6.8 or 6.7, the shortest period of 11 minutes appeared most intensely" (*Bulletin of the Earthquake Research Institute*, University of Tokyo, vol. 39, part 3, September 1961, p. 534).

According to Professor Nicolas Platon (*Crete, Archaeologia Mundi*, Nagel Publishers, Geneva 1966, p. 198), "Large pieces of volcanic lava have been found in the palace at Zakro and piles of pumice stone on other parts of the coast." Since the pieces of volcanic lava found at Zakro are too heavy to have been transferred by the sea waves, we must assume that these should have been thrown out to a distance of 160 kilometers with an initial speed of about 1,270 meters per second. Thus, the initial speed of ejection in the Minoan Santorini explosion must have been about 6.5 times higher than that in the 1883 Krakatoa eruption, Indonesia (193 meters per second), and a little more than double the initial speed of the volcanic bombs in the 1956 gigantic eruption of volcano Bezymiany, Kamchatka (600 meters per second), or the famous 1815 Tambora eruption, Indonesia (624 meters per second), which are the largest ever reported.

The Lisbon earthquake was not the "worst" [that has ever occurred] but "This has some claim to be regarded as the greatest earthquake on record" (G. A. Eiby, *About Earthquakes*, Harper & Brothers, New York 1957, p. 141). In no other case did the mean radius of the outer limit of damage reach 600 kilometers and that of the outer limit of perceptibility 2,000 kilometers. According to Professor C. F. Richter (*Elementary Seismology*, W. H. Freeman and Co., San Francisco 1958, p. 105), "The magnitude of the Lisbon shock could scarcely have been less than 8.5 and may have approached 8.75."

ANGELOS G. GALANOPOULOS,
Seismological Institute,
National Observatory of Athens.
Athens, Greece.

For the Birds

THE QUOTATION FROM Bernal Diaz ["The Aztecs Ate Algacake," *SR*, Mar. 4] probably refers to the egg masses of a waterbug of the family *Coryxidae* rather than to blue-green algae. These egg masses, cast up in windrows along the margins of Lake Texcoco, are still made into pates or "loaves" and eaten in Mexico as they were in Aztec times.

Not only the eggs but the adult bugs are used. I have seen them dredged out of the water and spread on smooth clay to dry. They are then gathered and taken into Mexico City to be sold as feed for poultry and pet birds. Since the Aztecs kept birds in cages and had domesticated the turkey, there is every reason to believe that this practice, as well as harvesting the eggs of the insect, is an ancient one.

PAUL B. SEARS,
Professor Emeritus,
Department of Biology,
Yale University.
New Haven, Conn.

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Book Letters

Continued from page 28

supports us." What I wrote was that "it is no wonder that we have . . . no support from the two major Asian countries, India and Japan, and that even South Korea and Australia have sent only token forces." Since I wrote that South Korean forces, to be sure, have become somewhat more than token.

HENRY COMMAGER.

Amherst, Mass.

Double Taxation

I MUST COMMENT CRITICALLY on Congressman Kupferman's review of *Inside Internal Revenue* [*SR*, Mar. 4]. Mr. Kupferman feels that there is an impropriety because "unearned income subject to capital gains tax or corporation tax is taxed at only a fraction of the income tax scale imposed on the hard-earned income of working Americans." I call attention to the fact that corporate earnings are taxed *twice*; the corporation is taxed, and then the shareholder is taxed after the dividends are distributed. If there is any impropriety, it is in double taxation.

T. S. CARSWELL.

Chestertown, Md.

I HAVE READ *Inside Internal Revenue*, by William Surface, and also the very poor and critical book review. Mr. Kupferman states that "Mr. Surface fails to consider serious questions of tax policies" and then expounds at length on what he thinks is wrong with the income tax laws. . . . Mr. Surface deals entirely with the administrative side of the IRS and does not pretend to cover subjects relating to tax legislation. I find that he completed the task which he had set for himself admirably well.

HERBERT V. MUELLER.

Denver, Colo.

Escape from the Parent Image

MY EXPERIENCE AS AN ELEMENTARY schoolteacher indicates that children all too soon discover the weaknesses and imperfections of adults, acquaintance with which the author of "The Parent Image" [*SR*, Feb. 18] believes is desirable. Many adult problems and frustrations are extremely serious. Persons of mature years break under them. What is to be expected of a child? . . .

In *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* the heroine retreated to her "tree" as an escape from the reality of a sordid life. In the reading of stories that depicted a more hopeful, better way of life, even though fanciful, she found relief. Is this relief to be deplored, and the world of selfishness, avarice, greed and jealousy to be presented instead?

CAROL PIERCE.

West Covina, Calif.

No Quarrel

HOW STRANGE ARE THE PLAINTS of readers. Frances Thompson seems to complain [*SR*, Letters to Book Review Editor, Mar. 11] that *Yanqui, Come Back!* is an adult book and that we need more of the kind of "garrulous banality" I found in the writing style. Hm. Choosing the book to review at all means that it is one of the adult books we feel is worth recommending to the young adult.

The writer further defends the book by saying that the ". . . deficiencies are more than compensated for by the inspiring story told by its author." Double hm, or hmhm. The *review* had said, ". . . the deficiencies of his style are overshadowed by the accomplishments of the determined and dedicated people who worked under his direction." Surely we can find something to disagree about?

ZENA SUTHERLAND.

Chicago, Ill.

"Henderson"

Cost of Lighting

Continued from page 33

thousands of grade and high schools as supplementary reading matter.

The obvious intent is to free the power industry from all possible restraint and regulation and to make it even more than it is now, if that is possible, a law unto itself. In this process everyone except the utility magnates themselves stands to lose. Technological improvements, which make electric power ever cheaper to produce and transmit, mean that by 1980 rates should be cut to effect a saving of $11 billion a year to American consumers. But the trend of the industry has been not to cut rates but to pile up huge cash reservoirs, to fatten executive staffs—and to propagandize the consumer.

Not just the consumer, but the stockholder, too, suffers. Vast voting blocs of stock, enough in many instances to control, are registered with brokerage houses, fronts for the secret rulers of utility empires. Individual stockholders are helpless, and the new class of management executives, heirs to the perquisites of the Carnegies and the Rockefellers, has itself a field day. In 1963 the annual salaries of chief executives of the IOUs *averaged* $89,000—and still this was not enough. Company after company was watering down the equity of its stockholders by slicing up stock-option melons for its top officials. In 1959 the president of Montana Power—a gentleman who was suffering along on $87,500 a year and $50,000 in accrued annual retirement benefits — exercised options to buy 30,000 shares of his company's stock at an average price of less than $11.50 a share, on a day when the stock on the market was selling for $23.75. Thus, at the expense of his own stockholders, he made a windfall profit of $370,000 in a single day.

All of this promises to go on and on and to get worse, unless a book like this can make enough Americans fighting mad and arouse the sluggish conscience of a Congress that has exhibited little eagerness to tangle with the power complexes of our time. And that, after all, is one of the major and least-discussed issues of the day—how to contain power in this age of power so that it works for man instead of victimizing him.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 7, 5 (Poe), 8, 2, 1 (Henry James), 3, 4, 6.

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European Scene

Continued from page 29

entitled *Hallowe'en, or the Strange Tirade of Lee Harvey O.* As in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, the tribunal of literature may prevail over the courts of law.

Two of the most prolific young Spanish novelists, Juan Goytisolo and Miguel del Castillo, are now residents of France. Goytisolo (whose novel *The Party's Over* bears the Grove imprint in America) continues to write in Spanish. Not so Miguel; he has become Michel. Deported at the age of nine to a German concentration camp, he found repatriation not to his taste and made Paris his home. His first book, the autobiographical *Tanguy*, was a smashing success. *Forbidden Avowals* and *The Billposter* were well received, while *The Guitar* left critics likening his talents to those of Pérez de Ayala and D'Annunzio. His new novel, *Gerardo Lain*, is receiving mixed reviews. It records the personal tragedy of an introverted young seminarist, sure of his vocation, studying theology and Church history in Spain. Precipitated into a passionate adventure with another young man, he purges his sense of guilt by killing the object of his affection. The well-known critic R. M. Albérès (born in Perpignan, he speaks Spanish and Catalán) seems to have lost his usual sophistication when he reviewed the book in *Nouvelles littéraires*: he regrets that Castillo should revert to the homosexual theme exploited by Roger Peyrefitte. It is curious that Albérès should refer to this contentious and scandalmongering author rather than to more acceptable exploiters such as Gide and Proust.

Albin Michel has just published Albérès's new *Metamorphoses du roman*, in which, with his usual clarity and perception, the critic traces the mutations of the novel since 1920. Most critics would draw back from the task of discerning an order in the development of this Protean genre, and we therefore cannot help but welcome Albérès's "film and sort of montage in which the significant episodes and mutations of the novel pass in succession." This critic manages to pair off such temperaments as Joyce and Malcolm Lowry, Virginia Woolf and Nathalie Sarraute; and his work places the *nouveau roman* more solidly in its historical context.

My mention last month of the writers identified with the Viennese coffeehouses led a reader in Washington, D.C., to regret my omission of Heimito von Doderer. Now that Doderer is dead at the age of seventy, a few words of appreciation are indeed in order. His was a brilliant literary career, interrupted by service in both world wars (including four years in Siberia), and crowned with a long series of awards. Because of the broad sweep of his novels he has been called the last great epicist in the German language. Furthermore, at his death he was working on a vast, composite novel in four movements, entitled *Roman No. 7*. Yet the work for which he remains best known is his *Demons* of 1957 (issued in the U.S. by Knopf), a 1,300-page human comedy about Viennese society after World War I, personified by thirty characters of all classes and professions. Just before his death von Doderer published six prose pieces, *Unter schwarzen Sternen* (Under Black Stars), two of which are judged by Frankfurt's *Allgemeine Zeitung* to be "absolute masterpieces."

A mere three months younger than von Doderer is the German novelist and dramatist Carl Zuckmayer, who long frequented the coffeehouses of Vienna. Fischer Verlag of Frankfurt has just published a new volume of the septuagenarian's reminiscences, *Als wär's ein Stuck von mir* (loosely, "a bit of me, as it were"). The book is made up largely of recollections of such literary friends as Hauptmann, Max Reinhardt, Brecht, and Max Frisch. Unlike von Doderer, Zuckmayer found one war (on the Western Front) quite enough. He ridiculed the world of the Kaiser in his hilarious comedy *The Captain from Köpenick* (1931) and Hitler's war in *The Devil's General*. Films of both have been shown in the States.

Barnard, Vermont, newspapers please copy: it was on one of your farms that Zuckmayer passed the years of World War II. —ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

A Surgeon To a Dead Patient

By Richard Maguire

I'M sorry Pablo. . . .
You trusted me
You're now
A hundred and fifty pounds
of jelly
after how many pounds
of hurt
You were a man
I wasn't God enough
That vigilant angel
you'll not divorce
is just another whore
of my acquaintance
I didn't mean
for you to love her

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 24

as the Adam Brant who fed the flame of Christine's desire, and John Reardon proved the wisdom of converting the part of Orin from tenor (as it was first written) to baritone with an affecting kind of pliance (vocally) and vacillation (dramatically). Ron Bottcher had just the eager air to suggest the Peter who was spared the fate of becoming Lavinia's husband, and Raymond Michalski's Jed was servile in action but masterful in sound.

That the Metropolitan could put forth such an effort as conclusion to a first season in Lincoln Center which included the complex *Frau ohne Schatten*, the colorful *Lohengrin*, the potent *Peter Grimes*, and the imaginative *Zauberflöte* is a testimonial to the will and determination of Rudolf Bing, who organized it.

WITH or without proclamation, this was also Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau week, with the admired German baritone presenting the first in a series of three lieder recitals in Carnegie Hall, and also performing in Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* in Philharmonic Hall with Jess Thomas and the New York Philharmonic directed by Leonard Bernstein. But, in a week that also included St. Patrick's Day, it is difficult to overlook the participation of a man named Moore, especially as it was the admired Gerald, making one of his final public appearances anywhere in fulfillment of a long-standing commitment to accompany Fischer-Dieskau in this series.

What might be expected of the baritone in a song program devoted to works of Schumann (including the Opus 24 *Liederkreis*) hardly needs exposition now. But the *Lied von der Erde* with two male voices is sufficiently uncommon an experience in the concert hall to invite fresh consideration. In favor of the usual response to Mahler's alternative, the combination of tenor and mezzo has the incalculable plus of coloristic contrast. But when the baritone is one with the inbred eloquence and artistic distinction of Fischer-Dieskau, other considerations are niggling. It remains to be said that, for all the fact that the composer proposed the alternative, the writing lies better for the female voice (especially in "Von der Schönheit" and the "Abschied") than for the baritone. On the whole, however, the collaboration of Fischer-Dieskau and Bernstein was much more fluid and animated than it was in the recorded counterpart issued earlier this year. Thomas made a manful effort to match the needs of "Das Trinklied" and "Von der Jugend," but he offers a French horn sound where a trumpet's is essential. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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(Continued from page 59)

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PERSONALS

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TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

CAMP COUNSELORS: Long established boys' camp in southern Maine invites inquiries from upper college level, graduate students and teachers interested in counseloring this summer. Campers are 8-16. Positions specifically open are for general counseloring with 8-10 year olds, waterfront instructors, sailing, canoeing, tennis, riflery, archery, dramatics, music, art, photography, radio and electronics. Tripping opening for one highly experienced who is available for a number of years. Write Camp Takajo, 63 Arleigh Road, Great Neck, L.I., New York 11021.

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(Continued on page 62)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

(Continued from page 61)

PROFESSOR'S SPACIOUS HOME, tastefully modernized, landscaped acreage, study, fireplace, unusually beautiful village near Dartmouth College. $26,500. Thomas Realty, Newbury, Vermont.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

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INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-16. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

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VACATIONS

FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquility of casual beach life, write the Fields for literature about their delightful Colony Beach Club, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida 33577.

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NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston: White sand beaches, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

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VACATIONS

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SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

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(Continued on page 64)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 63)

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. CAMP: sleepaway or day. Excellent counselors. Pony. ADULTS: canoe trips, sailing, skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1721

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Joan Hawkins

Mrs. Wortman is on a brief vacation. At her request, Joan Hawkins of Louisiana is taking her place. Mrs. Hawkins is no stranger to solvers of Fans' Sections in books of the Double-Crostic SERIES and in the four Special FANS' BOOKS, published by Simon and Schuster and regularly announced in *Saturday Review*.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Louisiana dish of rice and meat cooked together.	152 43 174 13 65 138 82 119 194
B. Obedient; quiet; peaceable.	38 127 197 54 7 125 35
C. Originally, a dramatic detective; later, any kind at all.	159 26 63 181 144 28 112 200
D. Belladonna or henbane.	94 187 206 22 87 114 103 99 47 135
E. Decency; modesty.	74 12 124 183 30 153 66
F. Pieces of information about all sorts of things.	166 77 55 184 84 17 163
G. Expressing indifference or aversion by a physical gesture.	91 70 151 137 21 3 109 64 132
H. One who makes or repairs certain farm implements.	36 189 92 111 25 165 146 15 175 41
I. A hand-woven carpet made in imitation of Oriental rugs.	201 116 24 90 142 177 105 48 59
J. Harsh-sounding; shrill.	158 110 97 2 72 126 148 10
K. A horse marked with spots and patches of white and some other color.	169 60 107 93 33 128 188 81
L. To suggest faintly or obscurely.	76 179 133 51 89 173 117 29 102
M. One of several component parts that may be assembled or reassembled.	101 58 45 190 19 150 68
N. The old shell game.	196 80 52 9 136 34 172 108 16 162
O. Until now.	4 121 155 11 86 31 185 198
P. To feed with eagerness or voracity.	192 131 85 8 171 143 56
Q. A female Hindu sweeper or scavenger; a mehtar.	120 106 78 20 199 46 161 73
R. Subtle or invisible emanations; esp., noxious exhalations.	40 156 6 139 204 57 147 118
S. Classifying; grading.	100 42 1 186 130 18 149
T. Sharply defined; clear-cut.	50 140 23 61 122 203 96 39 182
U. Barbers.	168 71 49 154 88 37 195
V. Poem of stanch declaration by William Ernest Henley.	157 205 53 32 180 5 167 113
W. Apt to cause satiety or loathing; nauseous.	83 67 69 145 115 75 191
X. Choosing what is thought best in doctrines, opinions, etc., from various sources or systems.	14 129 193 176 95 164 141 79
Y. A very small red corpuscle.	202 98 134 160 27 170 62 44 123 178 104

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 S	2 J	3 G	4 O	5 V		6 R	7 B	8 P	9 N		10 J	11 O	12 E		13 A	14 X
15 H	16 N	17 F	18 S	19 M	20 Q	21 G		22 D	23 T	24 I		25 H	26 C	27 Y		28 C
29 L	30 E	31 O	32 V	33 K	34 N	35 B	36	36 H	37 U	38 B	39 T	40 R		41 H	42 S	
43 A	44 Y	45 M	46 Q	47 D	48 I	49 U	50 T	51 L		52 N	53 V	54 B		55 F	56 P	57 R
58 M	59 I		60 K	61 T	62 Y	63 C	64 G		65 A		66 E	67 W	68 M		69 W	70 G
71 U		72 J	73 Q	74 E		75 W	76 L		77 F	78 Q	79 X	80 N		81 K	82 A	83 W
84 F	85 P	86 O		87 D	88 U		89 L	90 I	91 G		92 H	93 K	94 D		95 X	96 T
97 J	98 Y	99 D	100 S	101 M		102 L	103 D	104 Y	105 I	106 Q	107 K	108 N		109 G	110 J	
111 H	112 C	113 V		114 D	115 W	116 I	_	117 L	118 R	119 A		120 Q	121 O	122 T	123 Y	124 E
125 B	126 J		127 B	128 K	129 X	130 S	131 P	132 G		133 L	134 Y	135 D		136 N	137 G	138 A
139 R	140 T	141 X	142 I	143 P		144 C	145 W	146 H	147 R	148 J	149 S		150 M	151 G		152 A
153 E	154 U	155 O		156 R	157 V	158 J	159 C	160 Y	161 Q	162 N		163 F		164 X	165 H	166 F
167 V	168 U	169 K	170 Y	171 P	172 N	173 L	174 A		175 H	176 X		177 I	178 Y	179 L	180 V	181 C
	182 T	183 E		184 F	185 O		186 S	187 D	188 K	189 H		190 M	191 W	192 P	193 X	
194 A	195 U	196 N		197 B	198 O	199 Q		200 C	201 I	202 Y		203 T	204 R	205 V	206 D	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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Do you order Chivas Regal even when nobody's around?

"Chivas Regal, please."

We don't deny the fact that many people say it simply to turn a few heads. On the contrary, we're quite proud of it.

Chivas Regal has earned a reputation as the finest 12-year-old Scotch in the world.

The real Chivas drinker knows this reputation is deserved.

And sooner or later the name-dropper will know it, too.

12 YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

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